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The Daily

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ILLUSTRATED Mirror.

A Paper for Men and Women.

Eye-witnesses
Wanted.
See Page 6.

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES THE RIFLE, OVAL, CUE, AND RACQUET.

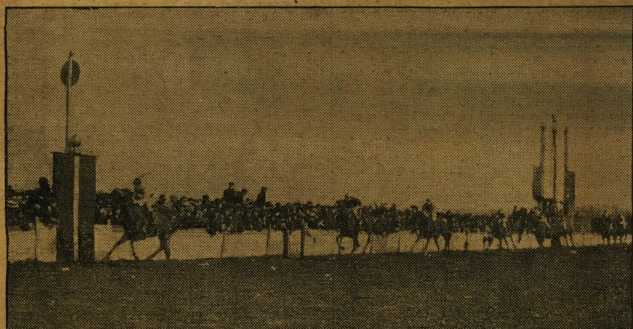


It bodes well for the efficiency of marksmanship among British Volunteers that the men cheerfully devote their Easter holidays to practice at the targets. It was not merely to put in their efficiency number of shots that they trooped to Bisley on Easter Monday. Their favourite sport is shooting. [The "Mirror." Photo for]



Though the King's Prize competition at Bisley is still three months distant, these two crack shots lose no opportunity in improving their skill with the rifle. Every man who has been in the King's Hundred hopes to come out on top some day. [Photo for the "Mirror."]

YPSILANTI WINS THE QUEEN'S PRIZE HANDSOMELY.



Another was added to Ypsilanti's list of triumphs at Kempton on Monday, when this fine animal won the Queen's Prize of 1,500 sovs. at his ease, with Dillon up. Lord Dunraven's Morgendale was a distant second, with Aggressor a length behind him. [Photo for the "Mirror."]



CHARLES DAWSON, the champion billiard player, who was beaten by H. W. Stevenson in a match of 18,000 up, for £200, at Manchester. Stevenson won handsomely by nearly two thousand points. [Photo for the "Mirror."]



H. W. STEVENSON, who beat Dawson at Manchester, is acknowledged to be the most graceful cueist in England. In this match of 18,000 up he finished brilliantly. The championship was not decided by this match. [Photo for the "Mirror."]



A. J. GRAHAM, the first blue of Oxford in the inter-Varsity racquets match. [Photo for the "Mirror."]



E. W. BURY, the first blue of Cambridge in the inter-Varsity racquets match. [Photo for the "Mirror."]

FRANCE SCORES A RUGBY VICTORY.



The University College Old Boys were beaten by one goal and one try at Richmond on Easter Monday, their conquerors being the Stade Francais. The Frenchmen played as if Rugby football were their national, instead of an adopted game. [Photo for the "Mirror."]

TAX ON OIL

Believed To Be a Feature of the Budget.

WOULD YIELD £1,000,000.

How is the Chancellor of the Exchequer to meet the deficit arising from the revenue falling below the optimistic estimate of his predecessor, Mr. Ritchie?

It has been taken for granted that the large sums to be raised will come rather from the re-arrangement of existing taxation than the creation of a new impost. This view mostly arises from the hostility which any particular trade or section of the public would evince towards any new imposition which would particularly affect them, while no commodity in universal use seems readily open to revenue charges.

It seems, however, from recent indications that Mr. Austen Chamberlain will avoid the more hackneyed expedient of juggling with the income-tax and the excise, by boldly enlarging the scope of taxation and attaching a new source.

Tapping Rockefeller.

Possibly the immense fortune made by the multi-millionaire Rockefeller group has suggested petroleum as an article on which the profits are high and the opportunity for securing some benefit to the State correspondingly favourable.

It is estimated that one penny per gallon would yield over £1,000,000 and be easy to collect as the oil is always imported in large cargoes.

The principal sources of supply are the States and Russia, the Scotch paraffin trade having been almost entirely wiped out by foreign competition. Incidentally, therefore, the tax imposed solely for revenue purposes would mean a mild measure of protection to a decayed Scotch industry.

The disadvantages of this tax from an economic point of view is that it could be argued as falling heaviest on the poor who have not gas or electric light as an alternative illuminant.

However, petroleum wax is used in many industries, and motor-car spirit, which would fall under the scheme of such a tax, would be very easy of the nature to be a rich man's tax.

A point of interest to the public is, would the competition between America and Russia lead to the importer paying the extra penny, or would the opposing interests come to a mutual agreement to clasp it on the retail price?

BRITAIN'S BURDEN.

She Owes Nearly Twelve Hundred Millions.

Several prominent public men have recently drawn attention to the startling growth in the expenditure by public authorities, and counselled period of rest, during which improvements could be postponed until the financial responsibilities of these spending corporations should become less onerous, and the money market restored to a more stable condition.

Point will be given to the wise counsels of these men by the publication of the figures showing the indebtedness of local authorities in the United Kingdom, and also the present position of the national debt.

England and Wales in the year 1893-4 owed £24,438,370, but in 1901-02 this had risen to £45,416,982.

Scotland in the former period owed £31,806,014, and in 1901-02 their indebtedness had grown to £49,211,869.

Ireland in 1893-4 had a debt of £9,171,448, and is increased by 1901-02 to £14,440,585.

The total indebtedness of the United Kingdom in 1893-4 was £265,135,962, and in 1901-02 it stood the enormous total of £407,069,046, or an increase during the eight years of no less than £14,933,184.

The National Debt in 1894 stood at £669,104,024, and by 1902 it had risen to £765,215,633, or an increase during the period of eight years of £96,111,609.

Taking the two together, the total indebtedness of British ratepayers under the National Debt and local authorities reaches the colossal sum of £1,272,254,689.

£9,000 FOR MARY ANN.

Faithful Maid-servant Reaps a Golden Reward.

Domestic service is not without its compensations. Just as any brilliant barrister may look forward to the Woolpack, so may the assiduous servant dream rosiely of large legacies from grateful employers.

The "faithful maid" of the widow of Mr. Henry Nevins has benefited by her mistress's will to the extent of £9,000. The hearts of many eligible New York butlers are passionately agitated by news, but they fear the heiress will "set her" at a coronet at least.

She has been a lucky legacy year for servants. A pretty Mary Corney emigrated from "old and" for service in the United States, she thought what was to be done for her. Anyhow, she married her master, John Lucas, a millionaire, and made his money out of point. When he died in 1901 his relations fought her for her share of the money. After a long struggle she won her portion and her rights early this year.

The romantic story appeared in the *Mirror* on March 6.

At the beginning of this year, too, Joe Par-who had served Mr. D. Septimus Carr, of London-Avon, as his coachman for many years, was well rewarded for his faithfulness. Under his will he received a legacy of £2,000 and a house and poultry on the estate.

GIRL BRIDE'S DEATH.

Inquest Throws Fresh Light on Lake Mystery.

WOULD DIE TOGETHER.

The Birkenhead coroner yesterday opened the inquest into the strange circumstances of the death of Frances Dolores Lee, the young wife of an Army reservist, whose body was found in the lake of the Birkenhead Park on Sunday morning.

Only evidence of identification was taken, and this was given by the husband, Alfred Harris Lee, a fresh-looking, thick-set young man of twenty-five, with sandy, military moustache, who was in the custody of the police. The father of the girl, Mr. J. W. Barker, bent his head on his hands in court in a grief-stricken attitude.

The coroner reminded the jury that Mrs. Lee was living with her parents, while her husband was in lodgings in consequence of his being out of work. They met in Liverpool on Saturday night, and together they went to Birkenhead. While Lee was standing a little distance away from his wife, she appeared to have climbed over the park gate.

Throat of Double Suicide.

Lee followed, but could not find her, and went home to inform her parents. The following morning the dead body was found in the lake.

But there are circumstances which have yet to be inquired into," said the coroner in adjourning the inquest for a week.

Lee was afterwards formally arrested on the charge of causing his wife's death. The police have ascertained that in February last, shortly after the runaway marriage of the couple, they seriously contemplated a double suicide. The girl's father was greatly averse to the match, and when they eloped he instituted a police search. Mrs. Lee wrote home, however, stating that they had been married, but, if they were not forgiven, they had decided to die together.

In connection with this episode the police have discovered a quantity of liquid poison, with which it is alleged both the deceased and her husband had contemplated carrying out their threat.

They were both forgiven by Mr. Barker and offered a home, and such a sequel to their marriage was averted, but recent unpleasantness, which led to Lee losing his employment and having to leave his father-in-law's roof, had, it is presumed, preyed upon the mind of his young wife.

LONG-SIGHTED SAINT.

Russian Who Can See the War Several Thousand Miles Off.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

RIGA, April 2. With the exception of Father John of Cronstadt nobody in Russia can compare in popularity with Ivan Bogolubiv.

Ivan is the man "with the telescope eye." His real name nobody knows, but as the meaning of "Bogolubiv" is God-loving, the muzhiks regard him as a saint.

"Bogolubiv" is a saint in his alleged extraordinary power in predicting the vision of his left eye over a distance of several thousand miles. To the sceptical, however, there is nothing remarkable in the "saint's" appearance except a slight squint.

At present Ivan is making a great tour of the villages of Vitebsk, in Central Siberia, where he is received with enthusiasm. He invariably lodges with the village priest, in whose house, in a dark room, he receives peasants with relatives at the front. There he "projects his eye one foot from the socket," and thus sees everything that is going on in Manchuria. To one peasant he declares that his brother is "in the act of spitting a yellow unbeliever on his bayonet"; to another, that his son is "rubbing down his horse," and so on—in all cases giving the most minute particulars.

He refuses to accept money, and this enhances his reputation as a holy man. The peasants, however, place money in his felt boots, and this practice has encouraged imitators, one of whom professes to be "able to hear the Mikado's generals talking in Tokio."

VICAR'S SUICIDE.

Imaginary Invalid Kills Himself in His Wife's Presence.

At Brighton yesterday an inquest was held on the Rev. Ernest Murray Robinson, vicar of Merton. Surrey, who was found with his throat cut at a boarding-house in the King's-road.

Dr. Booth stated that Mr. Robinson had undergone a slight operation on a toe nail. He was hypochondriacal, and entertained extraordinary ideas (which were quite groundless) regarding his general health. His mind was unhinged by his inability to get away from these delusions.

The rash act was committed in the presence of Mrs. Robinson, who was too greatly affected to attend the inquest.

A verdict of Suicide while of unsound mind was returned.

WILL come willing; forgiven.—P. Cricklewood.

F. G. P.—Writing wife and give address.—G. D. C. K.—Please send me a letter for you last night.—KIDDER.

ZESS—Love to mine. Never forgotten. Same always.—BABY.—Will meet you, get out at next station.—LEWIS.

MILLIE—Come home. All forgiven. Your distracted father.

A. B. C.—The baby has passed away; sorry I could not tell you know before.—X. Y. Z.

M. B. E.—It is no use you coming to see me. Your persistent calls have no effect.—MINNIE.

APPOINTMENT.—Dadling, will you see me in 343, Grosvenor-road, little after 5 o'clock on 7th. Nothing to fear, love; reply.

WAS I someone I knew, and whom I had not seen for three years, who stood at the corner of our street for some time on March 28th, in the afternoon about 5 o'clock, or a stranger?

FOUND.—POUNDS REWARD.—Lost, Good Friday morning, a half grown Chinchilla (light grey with dark markings) Persian male cat—Anyone returning the same to 22, Pont-street, will receive above reward.

MILLIONAIRE'S ROMANCE.

Sued for Breach of Promise by an Australian Sweetheart.

More than usually romantic circumstances surround a breach of promise action which has come before the Australian High Court and still awaits settlement. The defendant, Thomas James Whelan, is described as an ex-policeman, gold miner, speculator, and South African millionaire, now living in England.

When he first met the plaintiff in the action, Miss Gertrude Carroll, of Sydney, he was, according to the affidavits read in court, a cadet in the New South Wales Mounted Police. They became engaged, but in 1897 Whelan went to seek his fortune in the West Australian goldfields.

At first unsuccessful, he joined the police as a constable for a time, but afterwards returned to mining, and eventually made money. He turned his attention to South Africa, and there was so successful in his speculations that he rapidly became a multi-millionaire.

Mr. Whelan, who is now married, has put in the plea that his engagement with Miss Carroll was ended by mutual consent. He has applied for an interlocutory judgment, made in response to Miss Carroll's claim for £5,000 damages, to be set aside. The matter at present stands adjourned to admit of arrangements for taking his evidence on commission.

"Dreaming of You, Darling."

One letter, written on December 8, 1898, from Rockhampton, Queensland, by Mr. Whelan to Miss Carroll, was read during the proceedings. It ran—

"My Own Darling Gertrude—Sweetheart—I have arrived safe and sound in this small hell. I spent the time in the shade. We had a calm trip. I spent the time in an easy chair, dreaming of you, sweetheart. Oh, darling, how I do love you. I would give you, sweetest, everything to make the very life of my inmost soul. Dear me, I know I am a brute to leave you; but, darling, it is for your sake I am fighting. I want a good home to reward your noble heart for all your loving trust."

"My darling breath will be a blessing on your head. I want to see you, to see you, to see you, to see you, to see you. Then, dear, I will try and show you how much I love you. Gertrude, my heart is too full to tell you any more. I say, darling, trust me, and remember, my aim in life is to claim my only love. I can't write. God bless you, dearest, sweetest, and best of women."

CONVICTS TO FIGHT.

Russia Organising a Force of Bandits and Evil-Doers.

Two Russian officers have organised flying detachments of Chuchugas to fight against the Japanese.

Two hundred convicts from the Caucasus have also been permitted to expiate their crimes by fighting for Russia, and have been sent to the Yalu River.

There is also a scheme on foot, says Reuter, of forming a force of fighting men out of the convicts confined at Sakhalin.

In addition to these arrangements, the Russians are proposing that China shall try and persuade the bandits to fight for Russia. A quarter of each regiment is to be composed of these bandits, and they are to receive good pay and food.

Already 1,000 of the ex-convicts are said to be at Newchwang dressed in Chinese military uniforms, so as to deceive the Japanese troops in case of their attacking the place.

General Posing, telegraphing from Mukden, says the Russians have received no report of the presence of Japanese troops in Manchuria.

From St. Petersburg it is reported that four vessels of the cruiser type, at present being built in Germany for the Ottoman Government, and two cruisers being built in France, have been bought by Russia for £4,000,000.

Japanese Discipline.

Recently a troop train stopped at Kobe, and the men got out to stretch their legs. One young soldier, who was intoxicated, refused to obey the order to rejoin the train, and insulted his officer. Without a moment's hesitation, the officer drew his sword and cut the man down. The dead body was then placed in the train, and the journey resumed.

ROYAL PORTRAITS.

The Press Association states that the King and Queen have recently honoured Mr. Weigall, the artist, with sittings at Buckingham Palace for their portraits, which he is painting for Wellington College.

The portraits, which are of a high order of merit, are three-quarter-length, and represent King Edward in Field Marshal's uniform, while Queen Alexandra is in evening dress.

TOURISTS STRUCK BY AN AVALANCHE.

From Innsbruck it is reported that a large party of tourists was struck by an avalanche near the Peter and Paul's chapel, on the Grieskogel. Herr Mueller, a compositor, was killed, and another is missing. The remainder of the party escaped unscathed.—Reuter.

PERSONAL.

G. H. P.—King's Cross Bookstall at 3 Wednesday.

EDITH.—Why torment me by this silence?—A. J. S. "DEAREST." If you remember, do write your PET.

ALICE.—Forgive everything home or send address.—MOTHER.

WILLINGLY. Sincere wishes for your future happiness. Forgive.—GERTRUDE.

BROLD.—Everything is all right. Do not be nervous. Will see you as usual Saturday.—OLIVE.

LOST.—Gold enamelled belt between Piccadilly and Hyde Park Corner on Easter Monday.—Address Box 21, Morning Post.

BROWN EYES.—Have you forgotten our meeting at the Crystal Palace on Good Friday? If not don't fail to see me as arranged to-night.

* The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 7 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of 10s. per line. They can be ran into a group of three men, and one of them, named Merdith, was so badly injured that he died within a few hours.

MORMON INVASION.

Danger of Polygamist Campaign in London.

STRONG PROTEST NEEDED.

Mormon missionaries will hardly be allowed to proselytise in London without a strong public protest. It is probable that the officials of the Finsbury Town Hall will be induced to cancel the arrangements under which the Latter Day Saints are permitted to advertise the propaganda every Sunday evening.

A *Mirror* representative was yesterday refused any information by the Town Hall officials. That it is recognised by them that there is ground for public indignation at their action is shown by the remark made by an official in the borough accountants' office, that they had no wish to have the matter discussed in the public press, and so rouse an agitation that would probably result in the Mormons being mobbed and the town hall damaged.

"A Crime Against Morality."

The public feeling in the matter, as exhibited by several prominent ratepayers of Finsbury, is exceptionally strong.

"If these followers of the infamous Joseph Smith," said one ratepayer, "are allowed to preach openly their degraded creed it will be a crime against morality for which those who allow it will have to answer. We express horror at the immoral white slave traffic, whereby young girls are brought from Belgium and other parts of the Continent to England, and yet it is proposed to allow the spread of an Englishman can be well understood. In view of the punishment the law inflicts for such an offence, but no one who knows anything of the conditions of things in Utah, or who has studied the history of Mormonism, can doubt the purpose for which their girl and women converts are intended. They say that they do not encourage emigration to Utah, and prefer their converts to stay in England, but how can they explain the emigration to Utah of 100,000 English people, mostly girls, within the last sixty years."

"A strong stand will have to be made in the matter, for, already, encouraged by their success, I see that the missionaries at present in London announce that many others are on their way from Salt Lake City."

Polygamy a Tenet.

Whether polygamy is still one of the tenets of the Mormon creed is a much discussed question, and one upon which it is hardly possible to get an agreement of opinion. What the belief is in America, where the conditions under which the Mormons live must certainly be better known than in England, is shown by the ejection from the U.S. Senate of Senator Roberts, of Utah, on the ground that he was a polygamist, and by the question recently raised in regard to Mr. Smoot.

Although the Mormon missionaries state that the chief points of their creed are the existence of God, the Atonement by Christ, repentance, baptism by total immersion, and the reception of the Holy Spirit by laying on of hands, still it is an undoubted fact that polygamy in Utah, in spite of the law of 1890 forbidding it, is still existent, and that all Mormons believe absolutely in Joseph Smith's doctrine.

That polygamy is an infraction of American law very little figure in Utah, for, though the laws are made by the Senate, they are administered by the State, and it is not to be expected that a law obnoxious to Mormons would be rigorously administered by the State.

The declarations of the Mormon missionaries in London that polygamy has been deleted from the Mormon creed read very curiously in view of Monday's dispatch from Salt Lake City, which stated that Councilor Smith in opening a conference of the Mormon Church thanked God for President Smith's valour in defending polygamy and the principles of the Church of the Latter Day Saints before the Senate's Commission at Washington.

Warning to English Women.

English women who are attracted to Mormonism by the creed preached by its missionaries with polygamy carefully and wisely left out, will be woefully mistaken if they allow themselves to be lured to Salt Lake City.

A lady who has lived long in Utah writes in the "New York Herald" that "marriage to the Mormon girls means the crushing out of all their ideals and the annihilation of every ambition to rise, for as soon as they marry they become the worst kind of drudges. As a class they are not well-to-do, and the slaving and digging to keep the wolf from the door results in a worn-out body and a dwarfed mentality."

ere the Mormon creed simply the one set forth by the Mormon missionaries there would be no more objection to their preaching it in public places than there is to the preaching of any other religious creed, but the past of Mormonism is too full of fearful and revolting immorality to allow it to be regarded in anything but the most suspicious light.

THE LOST SUBMARINE.

The two salvage steamers employed at the wreck of the submarine A1 have been obliged to take shelter owing to bad weather, and have temporarily discontinued salvage operations. The diving boat, which was sunk by the heavy sea, has been raised, and most of the diving gear recovered.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: South-westerly gales; cloudy generally, rain at times; warm for the time of the year.
Lighting-up time: 7.40 p.m.
All sea passages will be unpleasant to-day—very rough in the west of the Channel and Irish Channel.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

The death has occurred in London of Mr. Justice Byrne. His lordship succumbed to an attack of bronchial pneumonia, supervening on a cold.—(Page 6.)

It is believed that a feature of the Budget will be a tax on oil. In this way £1,000,000 could be raised.—(Page 2.)

Two hundred convicts are being allowed by the Russians to take part in the war with Japan.—(Page 2.)

Mr. J. Staats Forbes, the "railway king," and chairman of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, died at his London residence yesterday from pneumonia.—(Page 4.)

The two salvage steamers at work on the sunken submarine *Al* have been compelled to seek shelter through rough weather.—(Page 2.)

Sir Henry Irving reached London last evening on his return from America. Interviewed for the *Mirror*, he said all plays produced were successful, "Dante" excepted.—(Page 3.)

At Birkenhead the inquest on the young woman found under strange circumstances in a pond was opened and adjourned after important evidence had been taken. Her husband is in custody charged with murder.—(Page 2.)

Strong protest is likely to be made respecting the proposal to allow Mormon missionaries to start a campaign in London.—(Page 2.)

The Hon. Hester Lyttelton, sister of the Colonial Secretary, was married yesterday to the Rev. Cyril Alington.—(Page 10.)

Application was made at Clerkenwell respecting the disappearance of a barmaid in the Minories. Her friends fear that she has been decoyed away.—(Page 6.)

Mail steamers were much delayed through a severe gale in the Channel, passengers experiencing rough passages.—(Page 4.)

A band of 100 English pilgrims left London yesterday for Rome, and the thirtieth century of St. Gregory the Great, and to be received by the Pope.—(Page 13.)

Ivan Bogolubovitch is the latest Russian saint. In Central Siberian villages he "projects his eye one foot from the socket," saying he can see everything that is going on in Manchuria.—(Page 2.)

Charged with a murderous attack upon a man near South Croydon railway station, Alice Smith, a young woman, was committed for trial. Prisoner behaved most violently while in the court, threatening to strangle prosecutor.—(Page 6.)

For having assisted the police to arrest two housebreakers while he was being escorted to the police-station, a bookmaker charged at West London was let off with a fine of 20s.—(Page 6.)

Medical evidence given at the inquest respecting the death of the Viscount of Merion, Surrey, showed that he suffered from delusions. A verdict of Suicide while of unsound mind was returned.—(Page 2.)

Authorities acquainted with facts relating to degeneration favour the suggestion that marriage between criminals and lunatics should be forbidden.—(Page 12.)

Three hundred of the most skillfully faked spirit photographs ever produced are on view at a hall in Chiswick.—(Page 12.)

When the man Hammond, accused of administering chloroform to his two children in an empty shop London flat, was brought up on remand, his little son was called into the witness-box and told a remarkable story.—(Page 6.)

For the murder of a woman with whom he lived Charles S. Dyer, an ex-soldier, was executed at Birmingham yesterday.—(Page 6.)

A New York servant, under the will of her mistress, has just come into a fortune of £9,000.—(Page 2.)

Walking in Fulham-road, Lady Blanche Humphreys was robbed of her handbag by a man whom she pluckily followed until he was arrested.—(Page 6.)

The lucky newsboy, "Spiv," tells of the trials of sudden wealth.—(Page 7.)

Manchester United, by their victory over Barnsley, became very dangerous opponents to Woolwich Arsenal in the struggle for promotion into League I.—(Page 14.)

There were again good fields to contest the races at Manchester. Vendale, starting at 6-1 against, secured the Jubilee Handicap Hurdle Race.—(Page 15.)

Lord Coventry's favourite chaser, *Inquisitor*, was shot at Manchester yesterday, as a result of severe internal injuries sustained in a race on the previous day.—(Page 15.)

There was not much doing on 'Change yesterday. Consols tended upwards, thus acting favourably on all gilt-edged securities. The Home Rail market was firm consequent on good traffic returns. In the American market uncertainty prevailed, while Foreign securities underwent little change.—(Page 15.)

To-day's Arrangements.

The Duchess of Albany gives her patronage to a horticultural bazaar at Fetcham Lodge, Leatherhead, in aid of the Royal Waterloo Hospital.
Opening of King Edward VII.'s Hospital for Officers, Osborne House, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W., and of the Convalescent Home for Officers, Osborne, Isle of Wight.
Bishop Taylor-Smith unveils the memorial crosses in Cheltenham Chapel.
Sale of Wightman's Collection.
Racing: Warwick, Leicester, and Catterick.

SIR HENRY IRVING RETURNS TO LONDON.



As Sir Henry Irving stepped down the gangway at Tilbury last evening, after a pleasant voyage from America, he was welcomed by a crowd of friends and admirers, who accorded the veteran actor an enthusiastic welcome home. [Sketched by a "Mirror" artist.]

SIR HENRY IRVING BACK.

Veteran Actor Speaks Interestingly to a "Mirror" Representative of His Experiences in America.

Sir Henry Irving and his company arrived at Gravesend at 6 p.m. last night by the Atlantic transport liner *Mesaba*, and proceeded by special train to London.

The veteran actor looked in excellent health and spirits when he descended the ladder from the steamer.

In an interview with a *Mirror* representative, Sir Henry said: "We have had a very successful tour and have had an excellent passage home. All plays were successful, except 'Dante.' Americans did not like it as a play.

Dante not Known.

"They were not acquainted with the story—unlike the English people, who knew the history of Dante through *Doré*. Altogether, 'Dante' was performed about thirty-five times in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other places.

"The Americans liked the old plays best, 'The Bells,' 'Louis the Eleventh,' 'Merchant of Venice,' and 'Waterloo.'

"It is not true," said Sir Henry, "that I wished to engage Miss Ellen Terry or that I am going to Australia, and the statement is equally untrue that I said I would not go to America again under Mr. Frohman's arrangements.

"The weather has been the worst winter known for years. We had four engines break down on the road, and in some parts we travelled through 12ft. of snow, but were only five hours late. People in the villages outside Detroit were nearly starved to death through being cut off by snow and ice;

the State of Ohio was flooded, and the lakes all frozen.

"The last night at Harlem, New York, I made a farewell speech.

"The New York papers reported my speech correctly on Saturday morning," said Sir Henry,



GEORGE MOSS,

the Thames Conservancy boatman who has saved thirteen lives. He thinks thirteen is an unlucky number, and is ready to save a fourteenth when the occasion arises.

[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.]

"except the 'New York American,' which was either hoaxed by the reporter or else intended to make a malignant attack on myself and my company.

"I was quoted as saying: 'The American stage is not what it used to be. It has deteriorated sadly.

Criticism unnecessarily harsh and severe has been used at the expense of justice. I sail for England to-morrow, and sail without regret. I shall make but one more trip to America.
"I feel very indignant on the subject, and intend to write a letter to Mr. W. R. Hearst, the proprietor of the paper."

Sir Henry Irving, with his company, will open with "Becket," at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Monday week. He has no definite plans with regard to London, but will certainly not play here this year.

A Frosty Thaw.

When Sir Henry was informed of the brief career of "Love's Carnival" at the St. James's Theatre, he smiled and said: "Mr. Alexander was not so prompt to take it off as I have been when people would not come to see."

In 1866 I produced a play at the St. James's Theatre translated from the French by Robertson, and originally written by Sardou. It was first called 'La Dejah,' and we named it 'A Rapid Thaw,' but it was a far swifter frost, and only ran three nights.

Fire and Thieves.

"Our most exciting incident on the trip was when an engine burst on the New York Central Railroad, and hurried the fireman many feet away into the deep snow. The driver's clothes caught fire, and he had the presence of mind to jump off and roll in the snow, which promptly extinguished the flames!"

Sir Henry spoke enthusiastically of the fine buildings in the Exhibition at St. Louis, and mentioned the number of bandits who are making their way there from Chicago and other cities. Street hold-ups were very frequent, and members of the company were afraid to carry their handbags home at night.

STRIKE MAKES DIAMONDS DEAR.

During the last two years the diamond market has had a rising tendency, chiefly brought about by the diamond cutters' strike at Amsterdam.

An expert informed a representative of the *Mirror* that for the time being there is a great



THE LATE PRINCESS SAXE-WEIMAR, who lived for many years in Portland-place, and took a lively interest in the philanthropic institutions of the Metropolis.

[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.]

depression in the trade. This is owing to the tightness of money in the financial world, and not so much to the recent rise in prices.

The output of diamonds for the world is practically controlled by the De Beers Company, and since the amalgamation of the various diamond interests in South Africa their production has fallen off considerably. It is for the most part due to the war that matters have not as yet resettled themselves.

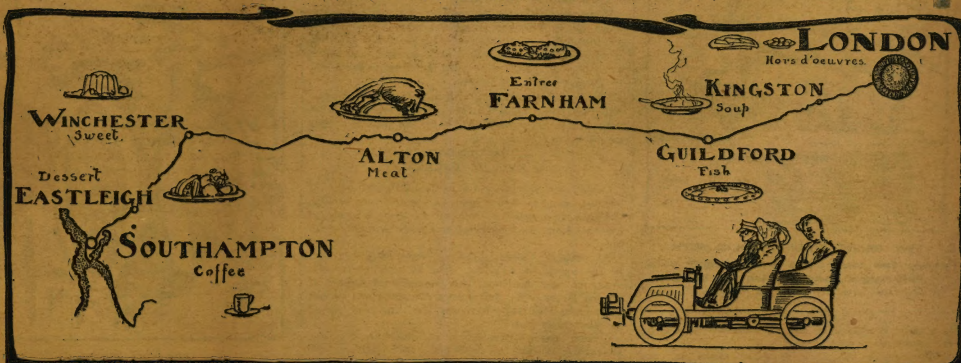
The most serious obstacle, however, to diamonds remaining at a reasonable price is the diamond cutters' strike.

There is apparently no sign of an early settlement, and until matters are adjusted it is well-nigh impossible to form a fair estimate of any turn in the markets.

THE NIGERIA FIGHTING.

The Colonial Office is without news of the reported attack on the Northern Nigeria force. No fear is entertained as to the safety of the British force, for it is pointed out that Captain Merik, who commands the expedition, is an experienced bush fighter.

DINNER BY INSTALMENTS ON A MOTOR.



The Americans have set a fashion of going for a motor trip and taking your dinner in parts—a course at a time at different appointed places. English motorists propose to try the experiment in a trip from London to Southampton. It will prove a costly fashion. [Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.]

FOREIGN FOOD FOR THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.



It is a notorious fact that London is steadily becoming foreign-fed. The array of articles spread out on these various tables proves that little room is left for the home-fed product. Britain is the world's best customer, and her own worst.

Sketched by a)

"Mirror" artist.

VANISHING BRITISH JACK.

Why the Scandinavian and the Lascar Are Ousting Our Own Tars.

Shipowners are becoming greatly alarmed over the continuous decrease in the ranks of British merchant seamen, and unless drastic measures are immediately taken they believe that the British tar will become in another twenty years as extinct as the "Dodo."

At the present time about two-thirds of the vessels belonging to the mercantile marine are manned by foreign seamen. The Board of Trade are doing all they can to stimulate these foreigners to become British subjects, and if Carl Petersen wishes to change his name to Charles Peters no difficulties are put in his way.

The Royal Naval Reserve has suffered very much by the falling off of British seamen during the last few years.

The large steamship companies in England do nothing towards encouraging respectable lads to go to sea, and in many cases they prefer to carry foreign seamen and firemen. The P. and O. Company, for example, draws £365,000 per annum from the Government in subsidies and mail contracts, and carries native crews.

German Enterprise.

The German companies have realised that the boys of the present generation have to be attracted and well catered for to get them to follow the sea as a profession.

The North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American companies do not receive any subsidies from their Government and are paid 8d. per lb. less for the mails than the British lines; but they support four training ships.

The Grand Duchess Elizabeth, which is supported by public subscription from the town of Oldenburg,

seamen. There are other vessels for educating cadets to become officers. Ship owners state that the decline of the British merchant-seaman is due to the gradual disappearance of sailing vessels and the reluctance of steamship officers to take lads who have never been to sea before.

The chances for a boy, with the ordinary school board education, in the merchant service are better now in every way than they ever were before. Able seamen receive from £3 15s. to £4 10s. per month with good board and lodging.

As quartermasters or b'osun's mates they receive £4 15s. to £5 5s., and as b'osuns the pay is £7

RAILWAY KING DEAD.

Mr. J. S. Forbes's Manifold Activities—Director and Connoisseur.

Mr. James Staats Forbes, who has been in failing health for some time, died yesterday morning at five o'clock.

His career ranks as one of the industrial marvels of the last century. Mr. Forbes was for over sixty years a typical railroad magnate in the large sense of the phrase. He was at first connected, in a subordinate position, with the Great Western Railway

his career he was always called in for advice in a great financial entanglement. He subsequently became manager of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, and it was in connection with this company that he was best known to the public in general.

For the rest, he was formerly on the boards of the Whitechapel and Bow Railway, the Didcot, Newbury, and Southampton Railway, the Shortland and Nunhead Railway, the Regent's Canal and Dock Company, the North Metropolitan Railway and Canal Company, the Lion Insurance Company, the New Telephone Company, and the Edison and Swan United Electric Light Company. It was responsible for the amalgamation of the London, Chatham, and Dover with the South-Eastern Railway Company. As he himself said, "Not all the King's horses nor all the King's men" could have prevented this great business amalgamation from coming to pass. He also manoeuvred the deal between the Post Office and the National Telephone Company, which everyone hopes will prove to be a great public service.

Looked Like an Actor.

In appearance Mr. Forbes affected the somewhat long hair which is supposed to be part and parcel of the actor's personality. He was, as a matter of fact, a really able actor, and could play upon the feelings of a meeting of disappointed shareholders with consummate skill.

On one occasion, when he had to introduce an unsatisfactory report of profit he said, "Do you remember, gentlemen, that after the murder of Duncan, Macbeth said to his wife, 'Tis a bloody and bitter business?' This report, when my secretary handed it to me, made me quote that sentence." Laughter ensued, and the shareholders

THE ART OF BOAT-SAILING.



The boys of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth are here soon practising boat-sailing in a choppy sea. These boats are lowered into the water and manned within three minutes. [By a "Mirror" artist.]

to £8 per month, with good rations and comfortable quarters.

A competent b'osun on board a liner is treated with respect, and has a boy to wait upon him.

A b'osun on his £8 per month and all found with his healthy life, is far better off than the underpaid, half-starved clerk who has 30s. per week to keep his wife and family.

If respectable sons of working parents were encouraged to join the merchant service instead of going as office boys, we should have a fine class of intelligent men in the mercantile marine, and there would be no need to recruit the service from reformatory ships and prisons.

The cost of purchasing and maintaining a clipper ship like the Grand Duchess Elizabeth would be very small in consideration of the benefits that would ensue to the nation at large.

ROMANY QUEEN.

Queen Annie, the ruler of the Boswell tribe of gypsies, was to have been solemnly crowned at Edinburgh yesterday, but as the date was found inconvenient the ceremony has been postponed till May.

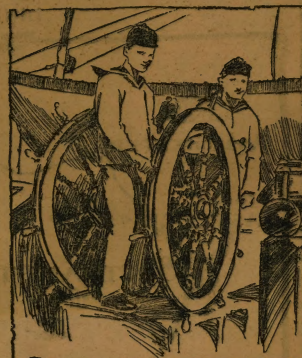
At present Queen Annie is exercising her arts in the south of London. She is only thirty-two years of age, and was the youngest daughter of Queen Betsy, who ruled over the members of her tribe from Falkirk, where she died and was buried in November last.

Queen Annie's coronation will take place in the Waverley Market, Edinburgh, and gypsies will travel from all parts of the world to grace the interesting occasion.

Mr. Justice Bucknill was at Surrey Quarter Sessions yesterday sworn in as a county magistrate.

at the time when Isambard Brunel was building the line.

In a short space of time he was made goods manager at Paddington. Thence he was induced to go to Holland, to bolster up the failing fortunes of the Dutch-Rhenish line. In fact, throughout



GERMAN BOYS learning to steer the Grand Duchess Elizabeth under the direction of a quartermaster. [Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.]



THE LATE J. STAATS FORBES, director of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and chairman of many large companies, who died at his residence, in Chelsea-gardens, yesterday morning, in his 80th year.

[Reproduced by kind permission of "Vanity Fair."]

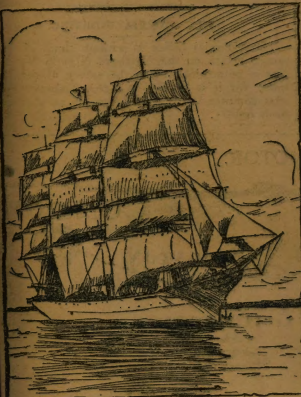
who had come to protest went away in a good temper.

In private life Mr. Forbes was an enthusiastic lover of pictures, especially of the French school. He was one of the first connoisseurs to make the work of Millet popular in this country.

EXCURSIONISTS IN A GALE.

A severe gale prevailed in the Channel yesterday, and the excursionists who had been spending Easter on the Continent experienced very rough voyages.

The mail steamers, both from Calais and Ostend, to Dover had heavy freights of passengers, nearly 500 being brought over from Calais by the Empress alone.



THE GRAND DUCHESS ELIZABETH under full sail. She is a clipper ship, full-rigged, and carries 150 boys. [Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.]

a good specimen of the German school-ship for the merchant service.

She carries 150 boys of good character, and during their two years on board they are taught how to reef, steer, swim, sail boats, and make their own clothing, etc.

At the end of their period of training the lads are taken on board the various steamers as ordinary

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-DAY, 3 and 9.
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.
Preceded, at 2.30 and 5.20, by THE WIDOW WOOD.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
TO-DAY, at 2.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
Zakari MR. TREE
To See MISS ANNA ASHWELL.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster.
TO-DAY, at 3, and EVERY EVENING, at 9.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 3.
SPECIAL MATINEE TO-DAY (Wednesday), 3.
Mr. LEWIS WALKER.
A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.
By Sydney Grundy.
Preceded, at 6.15, by A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
TO-NIGHT and 3 following nights, at 8.30.
LAST FOUR PHASES OF THE
OLD HEIDELBERG.

ST. JAMES'S. SATURDAY TO MONDAY,
a new Comedy by Frederick Elton and Rich. rd. Pryce.
will be produced on THURSDAY EVENING, April 14.
Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel. 3903 Ger. — ST. JAMES'S.

STRAND THEATRE. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. FRANK CURZON. A CHINESE HONEY-MON.
ON 10.00 o'clock, by George Dimes, at 10.00 to 11.00.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.

THE OXFORD. R. G. KNOWLES, HARRY RANDALL, GEORGE ROBEY, George Lambwood, GUS ELEN, Lily Burnand, HARRY LAUDER, etc.
Fanny Verna not over stairs—Open 7.55.
SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30.
Manager—MR. ALBERT GILMER.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.
ADMISSION SIXPENCE. Daily from April 4 to 9 inclusive.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WESTMINSTER TRUST FOR FREE ART STUDENTSHIPS.
Under this Trust provision is made for the Free Tuition (within certain limitations) of a number of Students in Drawing and Modelling at the Westminster School of Art, now carried on at the Technical Institute, Vincent-square, S.W. Candidates must be in real need of such assistance and must be resident within the boundaries of the City of Westminster. There is no limitation as to sex or age, but Candidates between the ages of 15 and 25 are preferred. Forms of application may be obtained of FRANK FORD, Secretary, 50, Broom House-road, Fulham, S.W.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* are—
2, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
The West End Offices of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* are—
45 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONE: 1086 Gerrard.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES: "Reflexed," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The *Daily Illustrated Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 1d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 2s. 6d.; for three months, 6s. 6d.; for six months, 12s.; for a year, 20s. To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 9s. 9d.; for six months, 18s. 6d.; for twelve months, 30s.; payable in advance.
Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.

The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1904.

**GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION
EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES.**

THE GERM MANIA.

An American has discovered, or thinks he has discovered, that appendicitis is caused by a microbe. His discovery is not of much use, however, as it is not accompanied by any recipe for killing the microbe.

Professors have got the germ mania very badly. They attribute everything nowadays, from laziness to love, to a microbe. They set about and brood over microbes, draw pictures of them, write their biographies, cultivate them, and gaze at them for hours through a microscope in a fervid and affectionate manner that gives neither consolation nor relief to the patient who happens to be ill.

It might be a good thing if some of the doctors would drop the microbes and pay a little attention to the man afflicted with them.

It is not very healing when a man goes to a physician to be told, "Oh, yes; I have diagnosed your case, and you have the gout microbe. Two guineas, please."

It is highly interesting to see a portrait of the most newly-invented germ, and to know that you are acting as his host; but the interest is of a secondary nature. The real point which is so often neglected is how the germ should be destroyed.

It is to be hoped that interest in germs will never supplant interest in the man who contains them.



Who has not encountered the clumsy human mammoth who regards nobody's comfort but his own? In the train, the tram, the omnibus, the theatre, and even at church this colossal person gives place to nobody, but makes his neighbours on both sides of him supremely unhappy, while he sits snugly and smugly at his ease.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

A motor race has been arranged in America in which 2,500 cars will compete.

Apropos of Easter takings, a correspondent wishes to know why in all sports except hunting big gates are never barred.

The Japanese are greatly pleased at the occupation of Wi-Ju, but they have not been miffed at Tokio. They only indulged in a subdued form of Wi-Jubilation.

At Butte, in Montana, they have discovered an ore which, carried in the pocket, cures all sorts of diseases. It is believed to contain radium, and if it acts on the counter-irritant by blistering the flesh, this is not improbably the case.

Heaping coals of fire does not always pay. When a dock foreman who was engaging hands refused to take on one Albert Dodds, Mr. Dodds took off his coat and took on the foreman. The magistrate subsequently took 20s. off Mr. Dodds.

It is rather rash of a society paper to put among its smart paragraphs a vague announcement to the effect that "he has not paid a bill for fifteen years." One of these days the editor will arrive at the office to find half of smart society waiting for him with horsewhips on the doorstep.

A weekly journal has been asking why all waterproofs should be black. The answer is that they aren't, as anyone who used his eyes could see. There is a preference, however, for dark colours, the reason for which will at once become apparent to anyone who sports a salmon pink or pale blue "mac" in a shower of London rain.

"It is unquestionably a favourable sign," says an evening contemporary, "that not a single fresh case of plague was reported at Johannesburg yesterday." The more one ponders on this remarkable saying the more one is struck with its wonderful truth. You can get a wonderful lot of really deep thought for a penny nowadays.

The chairman of the West Ham magistrates stated that the people who were drunk in Stratford Broadway during the holidays would more than fill the town hall. Stratford people naturally consider this a slur on the morals of the neighbourhood, and are seriously considering whether the town hall ought not to be enlarged.

While a matador was attempting a plesantry with a bull at Benatze, the animal sent the sword flying among the spectators, one of whom, an old sea captain, sustained a fractured skull and other injuries. The latter is now of opinion that bull fighting is a brutal and degrading sport which ought to be put down by the authorities.

Mr. Longford's article on Port Arthur in the "Nineteenth Century" is rather sad reading for Englishmen. The story of how Russia first blundered into withdrawing our cruisers from that Chinese port, and then

boasted to the Pekin authorities that we were afraid of her, makes one get hot about the ears. The worst of it is that the Russian statement was, for once in a way, perfectly true.

The draft Turkish Budget having shown a deficit of five and a half million pounds Turkish, the Council of Ministers has referred it back to the Financial Department, with an intimation that the "equilibrium must be maintained." The Sultan's Chancellor of the Exchequer would seem to be in a most uncomfortable position, but he will probably make up the needful balance with the I.O.U.'s which play such a large part in Turkish finance.

THE COMPLEX AGE.

There is a general tendency nowadays greatly to overestimate the lack of reverence shown by children to parents.

Lady Blomfield, in a wholly engaging article in the "Pall Mall Magazine," again asserts this much-exaggerated charge. True, Lady Blomfield writes with the gentle tolerance which is bred of a sweet old age. She says that, eighty years ago or so, a father's word or decision was beyond all possible pale of discussion or dispute, and a girl never acted independently of her mother. At the end of each dance she returned to her chaperon, and her parents would never have permitted her to receive presents from, or to drive about in cab with, a young man to whom she was not affianced.

In the matter of dress, too, girls were never allowed to wear dresses in the evening, winter or summer, otherwise than those made of muslin, cut low on the shoulders with short sleeves; and even Court dresses were generally made at home under the maternal supervision.

Children and Parents.

Well, we certainly are more complex nowadays, as the family man is well aware. His pass-book constantly reminds him of this fact. But we do not think that, in essence, the respect which children have these days for their parents has seriously depreciated in quality. There is certainly infinitely more love and intimate comradeship. To many girls a mother is merely a very charmingly dressed elder sister, to whom they can tell all their troubles and confide their every secret. In fact, the bond between mother and daughter is that of a very sincere and delightful friendship.

So also is the case between father and son. It is pleasant to hear a lad always address his father as "Sir"—as well-bred lads will—but the great gulf between them, as in our grandfather's day, exists no longer. The father is no longer regarded as the tyrant, and the omnipotent and omniscient arbiter of the family life. If he comes home tired and irritable from his work he is no longer allowed to chastise a son of seventeen, and the modern mother would never dream of sending a grown-up daughter in disgrace to bed. They have too much respect for their children. On the whole, let us be thankful that our complex age has many very delightful compensations.

READERS' PARLIAMENT.

SIR PHILIP BURNE-JONES.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)
I have just read in your paper some extracts from Sir P. Burne-Jones's book on American Englishmen always get a fine time given to them when they visit the States. They are too fond of eating our dinners, staying in our houses, and then coming back to Great Britain and laying for us good and hot. It isn't good baseball.
Savoy Hotel. ANGRY AMERICAN.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)
Who is Sir Philip Burne-Jones, anyway?
BALTIMOREAN.

"TIBETAN AFFAIR."

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)
As a reader of the *Mirror*, I am sorry to find you endeavouring to qualify and defend the methods and action of the mission to Tibet, which you describe as a battle or fight. The disparity in the casualties of both sides surely disqualifies any such terms as battle or fight. Rout and slaughter seem more applicable to the description of the affair.
As an Englishman I must enter my protest against such aggression by a force armed with modern death-dealing machines against a peaceful and, of course, patriotic people, with primitive ideas and crude arms. It is not only unfair; it is cowardly and brutal, and discreditable to the British arms and the Government authorising it.
FAIRPLAY.

MATRIMONIAL PITFALLS.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)
We are much indebted to you for the efforts made in warning young girls of the man-traps which await the innocent, and I should like to make two or three observations.

There need not be so much danger in matrimonial advertisements if girls would only make thorough inquiries as to the history and character of their correspondents before entering into any serious relationship; they usually do this in regard to ordinary situations; how much more is it necessary when taking one of the most important steps in life. I should like to see a notice to this effect placed at the head of such advertisement columns. It would at least put girls on their guard. If no reliable information can be obtained, it would be wiser to cease corresponding.

FRED. G. THREEDGOLD.
Douglas-road, Maidstone.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)
The startling developments of the Crossman case will probably be a warning to women not implicitly to trust the alluring wordings of matrimonial advertisements, which, in spite of all stated to the contrary, are few and far between here compared to the Continent, and to Germany in especial. Nearly all the newspapers in Berlin devote part of their advertising space to these announcements as a regular thing, and advertising for a male or female acquaintance with a view to matrimony is regarded as quite an ordinary occurrence. It is an undoubted fact that some of these advertisements in papers of such standing as the "Vossische Zeitung" or "Berliner Tageblatt" have led to good matches; but what of the thousands of others with unhappy endings? In all of them money has been the principal object, and the advertiser frequently stating his own income boldly demands a little fortune, otherwise no propositions can be entertained!
STELLA BUSCH.

YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

REJECTED LOVER IN COURT.

Ritson's Anxiety as to Miss Royle's Condition.

The full story of how it came about that George Arthur Ritson on Thursday last fired a revolver at Miss Florence Royle, his former sweetheart, on Tooting Common remains yet to be told in a court of justice.

Yesterday, at the South-Western Police Court, only partial evidence was offered by the police, and a remand was asked for and granted.

On the charge-sheet Ritson was described as a ryle agent, aged thirty-one. From his appearance in the dock it would have been impossible to make a likely guess at his trade.

Those in court saw a slim man with scanty hair in a well-formed head—a young man with ordinary features and an ordinary moustache.

His costume was the most striking part of his look ensemble. A dark coat with lighter stripes, such as young men of the artisan classes wear as their best on their summer holidays, covered what appeared to be a coloured shirt. The absence of a collar gave him an unkempt, almost wild, aspect.

But his demeanour in the dock was the reverse of wild. Putting his left hand in his pocket and his right on the rail in front of him, he listened to what was said about him with deferential composure.

Shot on Tooting Common.

Miss Royle was shot on Tooting Common, where she was in charge of the little children of Mr. H. E. Covell, of the High-road, Streatham, who employs her as nursery governess. But it was at Manchester that Ritson was arrested.

Inspector Allen told the Court about the circumstances that attended his arrest. "I saw the prisoner yesterday," he said. "He had then been brought to Robey-street Police Station. I said to him, 'Your name is Ritson?' and he replied 'Yes.'"

"I then said 'I will arrest you for the attempted murder of Florence Royle by shooting her on Tooting Common on March 31,' but he made no reply to this."

"Then I said 'Do you fully understand the charge?' and then he again said, 'Yes.'"

When the prisoner was charged, the Inspector added, a revolver, which had been found on him, was produced before his eyes, and also a packet which was supposed to contain oxalic acid.

"On the way to the railway station, when he was being brought to London, he said: 'How is she?' and his guardians concluded that he was referring to Miss Royle."

"She is progressing satisfactorily, but the bullet is not yet extracted," he was told.

Then Ritson for the first time showed signs of becoming communicative.

"There was no bullet. There were four blank cartridges and the injury was done through the revolver being fired close to her," he declared.

But in the police court, when the inspector had finished, Ritson was again reticent. Asked by the magistrate, Mr. Garratt, whether he had any questions to put to the inspector, he replied in a low voice, "No, sir."

Then the magistrate turned to the inspector and asked how Miss Royle was.

"She will be able to attend next week," was the reply, so to next week the inquiry was adjourned.

PRISONER AS POLICEMAN.

Lucky Coincidence Which Lightened a Bookmaker's Fine.

To be arrested for street betting and on the way to the station assist the police in capturing two housebreakers has been the unique experience of James Caffield, a bookmaker, living at Ashley Cottages, Warwick-road, Kensington.

He was busy with his clients on Bank Holiday, and the approach of Constable 691 T being unobserved, he presently found himself in custody. On their way to North Fulham Police Station they passed through Margrave Gardens, and here the constable saw two housebreakers leave a villa.

For a moment his position was one of extreme difficulty, since to release Caffield and chase the others might have meant the escape of all three. But Caffield saw his opportunity, and, acting in concert, the two secured the couple, Caffield himself taking one to the station.

The rest of the story is soon told. When he appeared before the magistrate the constable praised Caffield for his conduct, and Mr. Lane, K.C., addressing him, remarked: "It was a lucky coincidence for you, and you were quick-witted enough to seize the opportunity, and you need only pay 20s."

MR. PLOWDEN AS HAIR SPECIALIST.

Holiday charges before Mr. Plowden at Marylebone included one of assault preferred by a lady, who produced a handful of hair which she said was torn from her head. On seeing this the magistrate asked if it was the genuine article.

The lady: Perhaps you would like to examine it for yourself? I don't wear false hair.

Mr. Plowden: Perhaps not; you see, I have not known you long enough. Some false hair is considered better than the original article.

The lady's husband said that his wife's hair was "all hanging loose" when he came on the scene.

Mr. Plowden: So it was plucked up by the roots, but was still clinging to the head. Are you sure it was your wife's?

Witness: Well, I ought to know. I have been married eighteen years.

LADY HUMPHREYS CHASES A THIEF.

While walking along Fulham-road Lady Blanche Humphreys was suddenly harassed by a young man, who snatched at her handbag and then made off. Lady Humphreys gave chase, and presently the thief was stopped by a man, who handed him over to a constable. At the police court he was remanded.

WAYLaid BY A WOMAN.

Murderous Attack on a Stranger Late at Night.

In the dock at Croydon Police Court yesterday Alice Smith, a young woman who was arrested last February for a murderous attack upon a man named Thomas Goodman, behaved in a most violent manner while the prosecutor was giving his evidence.

A severe wound in his neck and partial paralysis had prevented Goodman being present in court before yesterday, when he was conveyed from the hospital in a cab. Looking very weak and ill, he told the story of the attack made upon him by the prisoner.

He was walking along Coombe-lane at night when he encountered Smith, who was a perfect stranger to him. Without a word of warning she struck at him with a knife, and stabbed him in

DRUGGED IN A FLAT.

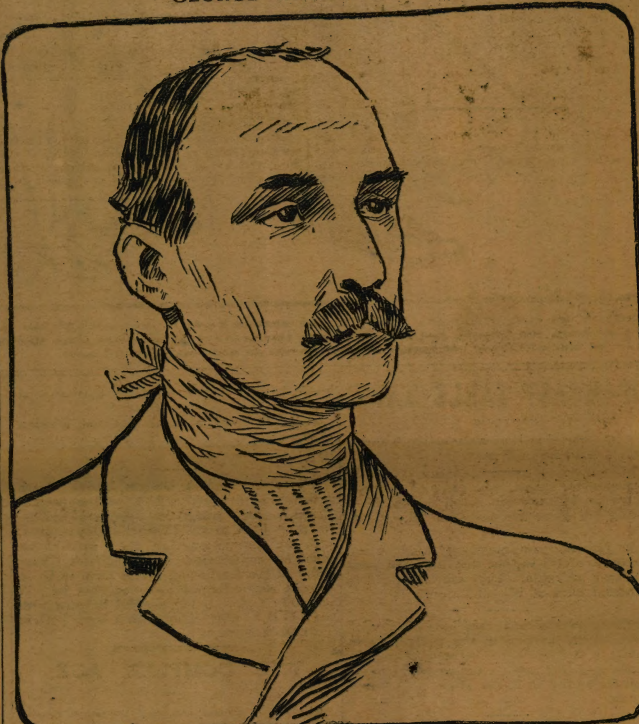
Two Children's Strange Experience with Their Father.

Two children, a boy aged fourteen and a girl aged eleven, were called at Lambeth Police Court as witnesses against their father, who is charged with having taken them to an empty flat and there given them chloroform. The children are said to have remained in the flat partly insensible for two nights and a day.

The Treasury have undertaken the prosecution of the prisoner, a man named George Hammond, residing in Camberwell-road. His wife, whom he alleges was at the bottom of all the trouble, supports herself.

On February 6 Hammond took a first-floor flat in Ladywell-street, and on Sunday, March 13, at ten o'clock in the evening, went there with his two children. According to the story of the boy,

GEORGE ARTHUR RITSON.



After being arrested at his mother's house at Manchester, George Arthur Ritson was yesterday brought up at the South-Western Police Court, charged with shooting his former sweetheart, Miss Florence Royle, on Tooting Common.

[Sketch in court by a "Mirror" artist.]

the neck. Afterwards he staggered along towards South Croydon Station, but remembered nothing more.

While Goodman was giving this evidence the prisoner frequently interrupted, calling out that he was "a wicked old liar," and that she wished she was near enough to strangle him. She struggled violently in the dock, and two police officers were required to keep her quiet.

Evidence given at a previous hearing of the case showed that, after Goodman was found lying bleeding and unconscious at the railway station, Smith came up with a blood-stained table-knife in her hand. She asked whether he was dead, and on being told that he was not, threatened to stab him again. An inspector stated yesterday that the woman's real name was Agnes Allesbrook, and that she had been convicted of drunkenness, and had for a time been detained in Lambeth Infirmary as a lunatic.

During the proceedings no explanation was given to account for the woman having stabbed Goodman. At the close of the hearing the magistrates formally committed the prisoner for trial.

MISSING BARMAID.

Fearing that her daughter, who has been missing since March 28, has been decoyed away, Mrs. Witham, of Dagmar-terrace, Islington, yesterday applied to the Clerkenwell magistrate for assistance.

The girl, whose Christian name is Lily, is not yet eighteen years old. She left a situation as barmaid at a public-house in the Minories on the 28th, but instead of going home went to the house of a friend and asked to be taken in. Her request was refused, and nothing has been heard of her since.

She is described as a tall, fair, attractive-looking girl, and when last seen by her mother was wearing a green hat trimmed with pink chiffon and a black feather, a black velvet coat, and black skirt.

DANGER INCREASING DAY BY DAY.

About a month ago Joseph Moses, forty-four, a fish porter, in the course of his employment wounded his hand with a nail. The injury healed in a few days, and sometime later Moses complained of a sore throat. He died within a few days from lockjaw.

At the inquest held at the City Court the doctor said that if tetanus developed within ten days the rate of mortality was 4 per cent. If fifteen days elapsed before it appeared the rate increased to 27 per cent.

Henry Hammond, their father brought in some beer which he drank, and later on all three had some water. Then they lay down on a bed. About one o'clock the two children went to sleep, and when they woke they found their father had fallen on to the floor.

The children felt ill, and both experienced a sensation of deafness. They lay down and went to sleep again, but when they woke up a second time they were seized with sickness.

The boy asked his father if they could go home, but the latter seemed deaf, and appeared not to know where he was. However, eventually he told the boy to get ready, and afterwards, when a gasman who had been told to call about some repairs had knocked repeatedly at the door, he went down and let him in. Later they all left the flat and reached home between nine and ten o'clock in the morning on Tuesday, two days after they had left.

Girl's Curious Story.

The boy's story was supplemented by his sister Edith, who said that a man who lodged with them accompanied them to the flat, but left before they went to sleep. The water she drank tasted all right, but she was ill after taking it, and her throat felt sore. When she woke up she noticed a smell of gas.

In answer to a question by the magistrate, the boy said that his father put nothing in the gas meter, and there was no fire in the room.

Alfred Blakesley, who lodged at Hammond's house, said that several weeks ago he bought some chloroform for the accused, who complained of having pains in his head. The prisoner was then remanded.

EX-SOLDIER'S DEATH ON THE GALLOW.

Charles Samuel Dyer, an ex-soldier, was executed at Birmingham for the murder of Martha Eliza Simpson, with whom he lived. In a fit of anger, due to jealousy, he cut her throat.

The culprit maintained a military bearing, though less impressive than at the time of his condemnation, and appeared comforted by the ministrations of the Roman Catholic chaplain.

LAWYERS' BREAD AND BUTTER.

There are 548 King's Bench actions set down for hearing at the ensuing Easter sittings compared with 436 at the corresponding period of last year. In the present list there are five breach of promise cases entered, and twenty-three libel and slander actions.

JUDGE WHO DID NOT JOKE.

Death of Mr. Justice Byrne of the Chancery Division.

The English Bench has long been happy in the possession of many proofs of the fact that if you look closely at a great lawyer you will generally find a polished gentleman.

One of the most convincing of these proofs is to be with us no more. Mr. Justice Byrne has passed away in his sixtieth year after but a few days' illness, and the list of Judges has lost one of its most polished and popular gentlemen. Popularity did not come to Sir Edward Byrne through any forced striving after it on his part—by any ostentation of wit, geniality, or intellect. As junior, silk, and Judge he simply and surely won his way to esteem by nothing more elaborate than his ever-conservative and straight-forward tenacity and the quite courteous fearlessness with which he pursued his duty or his purpose.

The late Judge was what the legal world knows as a political Judge, a Judge who has gained his high position as much by the fact that he has done some great service to a party, as by his eminence as a lawyer. Mr. Justice Byrne won Walthamstow, that stronghold of Radicalism, twice for the Conservatives—in 1892 and again in 1895. Thus it came about that he was selected to fill the judicial seat in Chancery vacated by Mr. Justice Chitty in 1897.

Model of Exact Justice.

The last great cause over which Mr. Justice Byrne presided was the Planchette case—in which Mr. Levett, an old antagonist, "led" for Mr. Cavendish's opponents. The Judge's handling of this case was a model of the impulsive, exact, judicial method. No mention of "spirit pranks" tempted him to make the jokes that the quickly passing twinkle of his eye showed were ready to his tongue, but when he found the point at issue threatened with drowning in a sea of technicalities he was always alert to speak the right word to rescue it.

As a Judge he very rarely made mistakes. When he was member for Walthamstow he displayed the same earnest accuracy in matters of detail. Mr. Byrne, M.P., was one of the few politicians who were credited with being thoroughly conversant with the intricacies of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill.

One of the few occasions when his memory was proved to be at fault happened during an election campaign. "Good day," he said to a voter, and then with the excusable insincerity that a candidate is bound to cultivate, "How is your father?" "He is dead, sir," replied the young man with regret, tempered by gratification caused by the



THE LATE MR. JUSTICE BYRNE, who died at his residence, in Lancaster-gate, after an illness lasting only a few days. He was one of the most polished and popular Judges on the Bench.

[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.]

distinguished interest in his family affairs. A few hours later Mr. Byrne met that very same voter, unaware that he had seen him before, asked him the very same question. The reply this time was, "Well, sir, he is still dead," delivered in tones as respectful as ever, but not in an equal measure gratified.

At an inquest on a child who was run over by a cab in Kensington High-street, the driver stated that when the accident happened his fare got out and walked away without paying him.

Unprotected gas stoves were referred to as a new danger by the Hammersmith Coroner holding an inquest on a domestic cook whose cotton dress had been set on fire by one.

TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" invites amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY rough sketches and photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. All photographs and sketches that are used by the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will be paid for, but no photographs or sketches will be returned in any event. Express letter delivery or train parcels should be used whenever possible. Address:

QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT.

"Daily Illustrated Mirror,"
2, Carmelite Street, London.

MONEYED NEWSBOY.

Lucky "Spiv" on the Trials of Sudden Wealth.

"Spiv" Bagster, the newsboy-herir to thousands, just of age and out of his Majesty's prison, into which he says he was put "for silliness," decorated the *Mirror* office yesterday afternoon.

On his feet shone a pair of new brown boots, which habit led him to lace three holes short of the top. On his head reposed a jockey, pleated cloth cap, fresh from the shop. Round his neck was swathed a freshly-bought and vivid magenta red tie. Around his whole alert figure "slopped" a voluminous second-hand suit of brilliant blue.



THE SOMALI WARRIOR

is a foeman not to be held lightly. He is at once dauntless and cunning, and is undeterred by the fear of death.

(From "Living Races of Mankind," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson.)

And an ancient narcissus hung faded and tied at his button-hole.

"Spiv" was reduced in spirits. He had been to Kempton Park, but came away dissatisfied.

"I didn't back a winner all day. Brown howler 'at? No, I didn't wear none, and I wasn't the chap what stood the drinks. I lost about seven pounds, any 'ow."

His money is burning holes in his pockets before he has got it.

"Ten pound I 'ad on Thursday," said he, with the dramatic gesture of a disappointed gamin. An 'where is it now? Gone!

"Yus, I'll get away from them, that's hangin' on me, soon as the money business is settled. I'm not going to 'ave the cash in a lump. Mr. Conway 'll invest it for me an' give me what it brings every week."

Annoyed by Other Richmonds.

He is annoyed by the various personators who go about dressed up like him "to a T," and chaw the perquisites natural to his interesting position.

"Ave my picture took by the *Mirror* photographer? Yus, I'm right on. Then they'll be done in the eye what says they're me."

Mr. Philip Conway, of Rochester-row, young Bagster's legal representative in London, does not see "Spiv's" prospects in quite the same light as that mercurial young gentleman.

"I can only say," he remarked to a *Mirror* representative, "that as far as my advices go to the solicitors to the estate at Brighton up to now, Henry Bagster's fortune is much smaller than it has been represented. I shall know in the course of a few days the exact figures."



A CHILD STUDY.

by Lillie Charles, whose pictures have attained the greatest vogue recently.

(Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.)

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

The death is announced from Leipzig of Herr Otto Boettlingk, a distinguished Oriental scholar, at the age of eighty-nine.

Mr. J. Maltby, chief agent of the Conservative party in Manchester for the last thirty-four years, is dead. He assisted in the historic election at which Sir John Bright was defeated.

Dr. MacRedmond, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Killaloe, died yesterday at St. Anne's, Blarney, Cork, where he had been sojourning in ill-health for some time.

In the English Channel yesterday a strong gale was blowing. Mail steamers had rough passages, and were late arriving at Dover, the boat trains being delayed in consequence.

Payable silver in conjunction with other valuable metals has been found in the vicinity of the Phillips River Collieries in Western Australia, for the first time in the Colony's history.

Maddened by his stepmother's ill-usage of his younger brothers and sisters, a man living at Rust, near Buda Pesth, shot her and gave himself up to the police.

A remand was again ordered at the South-Western Police Court yesterday in the serious charge against Albert Charles McCarthy, in connection with the conduct of a theatrical agency.

Quaker charities in the County of London bring in an annual income of £218, which is devoted to apprenticing and advancing young persons, helping poor people, and maintaining places of worship and ministers.

His Majesty's new 23-knot armoured cruiser Lancaster was commissioned at Chatham Dockyard yesterday by Captain Sir George J. S. Warrender.

Thirty-six Russians and twenty-three Germans became naturalised British subjects during the month of March.

Miss Mary Mowatt, daughter of Sir Francis Mowatt, Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, was married at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, yesterday to Mr. William Russell.

It is feared that three men, including two boatmen, Ed. Chapel and a man named Cooper, of Barry, Glamorganshire, have been drowned. Their empty boat was found capsized.

A marble bust of the late Pope Leo XIII. has been executed by Mr. Auton, the sculptor, for the Duke of Norfolk. It is intended for the interior of Arundel Castle.

An international congress on school hygiene, at which Japan and all the European States, with the exception of Turkey, were represented, was opened at Nuremberg, Bavaria, yesterday.

Some 8,000 Chinese coolies have been engaged to work in the Rand mines, and 2,000 of them will leave Hong Kong for South Africa on April 15.

The Queen of Siam is an ardent cyclist, and has set the fashion to her subjects. The cycling infection has now spread to the adjoining territory of Burma.

Judges of the King's Bench are promised a full share of work when the new sittings commence, for the number of actions entered is over a hundred more than in the corresponding sittings of last year—548, as against 439.

Treasured in a Persian city is the most valuable work in existence, a copy of the Koran, of which the covers are of solid gold an eighth of an inch thick, while precious stones set in symbolic designs

THE PRIMITIVE TIBETAN INFANTRY.



Obviously the Tibetan is not skilled in the art of war. It is probably true that no people on earth have done less fighting.

(Sketch by a "Mirror" artist.)

for service in the Channel Fleet. Her first duties will be to escort the King and Queen on the approaching visit of their Majesties to Ireland.

Sixteen United States battleships and cruisers will visit the Mediterranean during this summer.

At the meeting of the Council of Ministers at Constantinople, the draft Budget for 1903-04 showed a deficit of £175,500,000, the largest for many years.

Dispatches received in Vienna from Kischineff state that it is reported there that the Jews in America intend to raise \$400,000, to be sent to the Mikado for the construction of a Japanese warship to be called the Kischineff.

SLEEPY LONDON.

Electric Tram Conductors Cannot Conjugate the Verb "To Hustle."

The South London electric tramways have been in operation over a year, but the conductors and the regular riders are no further advanced in their movements than the day the cars started running.

Women wait until the tram stops before they commence to collect their children and their parcels.

When that is done they say goodbye to their friends, who are continuing the journey, and move slowly towards the exit or stairway. The conductor looks gloomily on, but says nothing to hurry the people in their tortoise-like movements.

In Liverpool or Manchester they would be carried miles further on, but London never hurries.

There is supposed to be room for seven passengers in each of the four sections inside the electric trams, but four or five persons will occupy the space and gaze steadfastly at nothing when a new corner enters the car. They make no effort to move up, and women have to stand frequently while the conductor passively takes their fares.

The idea of making the passengers "move up" is evidently not his business. The same rule applies when passengers fill up the seats with parcels and keep others from obtaining sitting accommodation.

A few nights ago an intoxicated man was annoying the passengers in a Tooting tram, and the conductor did not attempt to remove him.

On arrival at Kennington Gate several of the passengers remonstrated, and the conductor called a policeman, who said that he could do nothing unless the man were charged.

DISCORD IN CHURCH.

Disgusted Worshipper Objects to His Neighbours' Singing.

Every worshipper's right to join in the singing at church has been challenged by a "Times" correspondent, who objects to the way it is done in some cases.

He does not mind unison singing, but he inveighs against a tenor in the congregation of the Abbey on Easter Sunday who sought opportunities to shine by shrieking his top note, and a bass who "boomed the Psalms in bass parts."

He puts them down as persons in search of cheap notoriety, who fancy their voices, and get little other chance of showing-off.

This is the point of view of the "Times" correspondent, and though all of us like to add our voices to the unison singing when we attend service or meeting, now and again we have been disturbed by his bugbear, the part-singer.

"What is bad for the congregation," said an experienced chorister to a *Mirror* representative, "is worse for the choir. All kinds of noises from singers in the body of the church put one out. In the East End churches, where the repertoire only extends to about a dozen anthems, the people get acquainted with them, and insist on joining in at the parts they know, just as though it was the chorus to a music-hall song. I don't know why they shouldn't exactly, but it isn't nice for the choir, whose best effects it spoils."

After all, does our friend, the tenor, or his neighbour, the bass, always know he is not singing in unison. Perhaps it would be as well to test the people as they came in at the door with a tuning-fork, and bar those without an ear for music from singing a note above a whisper.

PAWNING DAY.

After Bank Holiday Follows a Rush on "Uncle."

It was five minutes to eight on the morning after Bank Holiday. Outside a dingy shop in a dingy neighbourhood stood a long queue of slovenly, weary-eyed women, each with a bundle under her arm or apron, waiting for the doors to open.

"It's pawning day," said a policeman standing by. "They are getting ready for a busy time inside."

They were. Inside the pawnbroker's five men stood behind the counter with tickets, blotting-paper, and cash all ready. The word was given,



THE BOY, WILLIAM KNIGHT,

who was found drowned in the river on Easter Monday. The reward of £40 was offered by his parents for the discovery of their son.

(Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.)

the doors flung open, and in rushed the women pell-mell, filling all the compartments to the doors and pushing and struggling for a place in the front row.

Skirts, bodices, boots, and underclothing; flatirons, rings, necklaces, brooches, earrings, trousers, coats, and feathers, all were thrust upon the men with the tickets and money. Some folk pawn in secret, but these did not.

"Three and six," said one of the men to a woman who handed him a bright blue skirt.

"Garn," said she, "yer gave me five bob on it last week."

"Rain," said he curtly, taking a bodice from her neighbour.

"All right; I'll take it," said the woman sulkily.

The ticket was made out with a pen with three ribs that wrote three copies at once. The woman took her money and ticket, and pushed her way out. There is no time for haggling when you want money after a Bank Holiday.

The weary pawnbroker talked later in the day. "They blew their money in the holidays and want something to get them through the week," he said. "You will find fifty pop-shops in London as busy as this."

"Oh, no, this is not our busiest day. There is always a bigger rush the Tuesday after August Bank Holiday. They have more of a spree then, and it's thirstier weather. But, excuse me, we're not done yet."



THE NIGER NATIVE

does not rank with the more heroic savages of Africa. He is mercenary and revengeful.

(From "Living Races of Mankind," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson.)

THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR"

MISS MABEL TERRY LEWIS HERSELF AGAIN.



Sir Charles Wyndham has resumed playing "My Lady of Rosedale" at the New Theatre, with Miss Mabel Terry Lewis in the part of Sylvia Fitzallen. It was owing to the illness of Miss Lewis that the play was suspended. The graceful actress had an enthusiastic welcome on her return.
(Photo by) *[Lillie Charles.]*

THREE ALBANIAN DANCING GIRLS.



Dancing is a pastime with all nations, but it is a passion with the Albanians. The manager of a London music hall hopes soon to include a troupe of Albanian dancing girls in his bill of entertainment.
(Photo for) *[The "Mirror".]*

MR. HARRY RANDALL, THE POPULAR COMEDIAN.



Owing to a severe attack of tonsillitis, Mr. Harry Randall has been ordered to the South of France by his doctor. He was engaged to appear at the Oxford and Tivoli Music Halls, commencing from Easter Monday, but had to cancel the engagement.
(Photo by) *[Foulsham and Banfield.]*

CHARLES DICKENS IN THE SPIRIT.



In this picture the spirit photographer has made a snapshot of Charles Dickens, or else that of a spirit trading upon a strong resemblance to the great departed novelist.
(Photo for) *[The "Mirror".]*

TRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES PER DAY.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS WAITING TO BOARD A TRAIN.



This photograph is taken in Manchuria, showing companies of Russian soldiers about to entrain for the front of battle. Everything is done with mechanical precision. Photo by] The Russian Tommy Atkins is "always in haste, but never in a hurry." [Underwood and Underwood.

REAPPEARANCE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.



This form of ethereal loveliness introduced herself to the spiritualistic medium as Mary Queen of Scots, and, if the spirit spoke truly, the picture derives a certain historic value, assuming that the spiritual features resemble the temporal. [Photo for the "Mirror,"

COBDEN'S GHOST IS A FAIR-TRADER.



A well-known spiritualist recently attended a seance, when a spirit appeared giving the name of Cobden. Through the medium, the spirit said: "England has been too lax in allowing free trade, instead of fair trade." The spirit of Cobden agreed to sit for a photo next day, with the above result. [Photo for] [the "Mirror,"

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE THING IN WOMAN.

A WOMAN'S VIEW.

THE GREATEST CHARMS WOMEN
SEE IN WOMEN.

In yesterday's *Mirror* the views of a number of men of different nationalities were expressed upon the subject of the greatest charm in women. To-day let a woman speak.

The majority of women are supposed, by men, to be cruelly envious of beauty in other women. They are so nasty when they hear men praise a girl's eyes, or hair, or figure, or complexion, that their own orbs spit venomous fire, and their tongues give utterance to the meanest sentiments, all detrimental to the woman in question.

Women Admire Pretty Women.

But this is a libel. It is absolutely untrue that a woman cannot recognise and admire, in another, true loveliness. To behold a peach-like cheek, eyes of heaven's own blue, teeth like pearls, and a figure as graceful as Diana's is real joy to the woman of artistic perceptions. Of course, it is but natural that she shall experience a throbbing disappointment if her own charms come far short of those she contemplates; but that does not prevent her honest admiration of them in others. I am sure of that as I am of anything. But I may add that the prettier a girl is herself the more easily can she see prettiness in others. Because then she is not jealous.

Girls Like Well-Groomed Girls.

To return, however, to the question of superlative charms, my opinion is that the woman most women intensely admire is the well-groomed woman. A woman loves to see one of her own sex thoroughly "well-groomed," as one sometimes says of a smart-looking man.

Making the best of herself is what we women call that special virtue, and we really admire it. We like to see the hair charmingly dressed, the complexion well cared for, be it brunette or blonde, olive or rose, the teeth astonishingly white, the hands daintily manicured, the figure upright and cleverly corseted, the dress in all details perfectly appointed, and, above all things, each etcetera there, so that the picture is a totally satisfactory and well-finished one in all respects.

Eyes May Be Lustrous, But—

Let any man introduce a woman to his sweet-heart, after having raved about her lustrous eyes, and if those lustrous eyes are shrouded in unkempt tresses and are set in a face that should undergo two months' treatment at the hands of a complexion specialist before it can look presentable, she will not admire her. It is not detail that a woman looks at; it is the tout ensemble, the impression, the picture, in short, that she criticises.

Women rarely admire, with real enthusiasm, clever women. If they are beautiful as well as clever, and let their mental abilities domineer over their personal attractions, they admire them still less. Ugly, clever women they do admire, however, because they pity them.

Why Ugly Women are Pitied.

For every woman who has any pretensions to beauty and attractions for the other sex pities from the bottom of her heart the woman who has no comeliness, and from whom men turn away, for they know what that means. It means that such poor souls must tread the weary path of life alone, supported not a bit by the majestic power of love.

I have often noticed that the homely virtues of a woman—her housekeeping capacities, her cleverness with the needle, and her discretion as the manager of her servants, evoke admiration from her sisters only when she is over thirty. Before that time it is her crisply curling locks, her laughing eyes, her good humour, and her prowess in that game that excite applause.

When a girl is married her housewifely talents command admiration from her sex, as do her ways with her children.

A Good Mother Commands Applause.

Yes, that is another trait in femininity that women admire. They do most sincerely and truly admire a good mother. A good wife—oh, yes—she is an excellent and estimable creature; but a devoted mother! To her go prayers of praise! For you see it involves so much, this kind of

SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

The first big wedding after Easter took place yesterday at the Church of the Annunciation, in Quebec-street, when Miss Hester Lyttelton was married to the Rev. Cyril Aflington.

It was a very pretty, and as an interesting, wedding. Sir Neville Lyttelton gave away his sister, whose wedding dress was a mass of lovely old lace, and he was loudly cheered as he arrived. A little bridesmaid and two small pages met the bride at the church door, and they followed her up the aisle carrying her train.

At the reception afterwards in Carlton House-terrace there were a great many important people present, including Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Lord and Lady Cobham, the Duchess of St. Albans, Lady Sybil Smith, and Mrs. Lionel Cust.

Skating.

With very little going on, Hengler's Skating Rink, which is wisely keeping open until the end of the month, has been crowded the last few days, and yesterday afternoon there were lots of people skating and having tea.

Lady Helen Vincent looked in rather late, and Lady Coke and Lady Falmouth were both there. Miss Agatha Thynne has been in, on and off, although very busy with preparations for her



This hat is a rose-pink chip one, bound with black velvet and trimmed with a scarf of cream and black lace and pink and dark red roses. Beneath it is sketched a peaked toque composed of black straw interwoven with narrow flounces of Valenciennes lace, which decorate the brim, and a big bunch of deep scarlet poinsettias, buds of which fringe the chapeau at the back.

character. It involves a sympathetic temperament, a kindly disposition, a sweet way, and a silvery voice. Women love silvery voices. They love them in men and are led by them, and they love them in women, too. The woman who speaks in rasping tones is a weariness to her fellows; but the golden-mouthed are treasured, as, indeed, they deserve to be.

Well-groomed and a good mother. Two types of womanhood sometimes found in one person; those are the greatest charms in their own sex that women discover.

wedding; and I also saw Miss Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Syers, and several more prominent skaters.

Lady Dundonald has gone to her Welsh home, Gwyrch Castle, for Easter. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire have left Monte Carlo and are spending Easter in Rome with Sir Francis and Lady Feo Bertie.

A very desirable town house is in the market—that belonging to Sir John Rolleston in Curzon-street.

Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg have taken a country house at Elstree, in Hertfordshire, for the summer months, and will divide their time between there and their town house in Cadogan-square.

Baron and Baroness de Meyer have left London for abroad, and next week are going on to Venice, where they have a most lovely apartment. Baron de Meyer is perhaps the most skilful amateur photographer of the present day. His speciality is portraits, and there is hardly a single beautiful woman in society who has not been pictured by his camera. His portraits are intensely artistic, and he always poses his models to perfection.

Recovering.

Poor Lady Mary Sackville has the most appalling luck. For some weeks past she has been laid up with a bad attack of rheumatic fever, and is only now slowly getting better. Few people have had so many thrilling adventures as the elder of Lord De La Warr's two sisters.

On one occasion her mother's town house was nearly burnt down, and Lady Mary and her sister escaped into the street clad only in dressing-gowns. It was then, when the house was in flames, that

PLANTED BY BACON.

The venerable catalpa in Gray's Inn Gardens, said to have been planted by Lord Bacon, and whose shade at a later date was a favourite retreat of Sir Matthew Hale, was erroneously reported to be in a moribund condition. The buds of the tree are at present swelling, thus showing that the veteran has secured a renewed lease of life. It may be expected to flower at the end of July.

Lady Mary discovered that she had lost a very favourite charm she always wore round her neck, but fortunately this was discovered when the fire was out and the wreckage being removed.

Then, when going to New York, she jammed her finger in the railway carriage, and had to travel from Waterloo to Southampton in the greatest agony, as being alone no one could come to her assistance, and, of course, her journey had to be postponed, and when she did get to America her host's house was burnt down during her visit.

The King's Dog Fought.

Apologies of the death of the late Mrs. Manners-Sutton, which occurred a short time ago, no mention was made of her great popularity and of how glad people were when she came back to live in England. The reason of her lengthy residence abroad was on account of her dog, to whom she was quite devoted and unable to bring to England on account of quarantine regulations.

A story in which this dog figured was told me the other day. The scene was at Hamburg, when early one morning Mrs. Manners-Sutton went down to the Elisabeth Brunnen to drink her glass of water, accompanied by her dog and a friend, armed with a glass and a sunshade. The King, then Prince of Wales, was there too, and with him his little Aberdeen terrier, named Venus.

All went well till Venus spied the other little dog and went for it. Then a wild scene ensued. Mrs. Manners-Sutton's friend flung glass and sunshade aside and grabbed the Prince's dog, who was getting the better of the fight, and eventually the two pouting combatants were restored to their owners. Instead of being angry, the Prince was highly amused; and apostrophised the dog as "a quarrelsome little beast" he would have to get rid of

A MAN'S VIEW.

HE THINKS FEMININITY IS HER
STRONGEST POINT.

"A Normal Man" writes: "The most attractive thing in woman? Why, absolute effeminacy, of course. A woman must never forget that she is a woman first, and only a woman. Her place in the great design is a noble one, but she must never forget that, even as 'East is East, and West is West,' so are women and men beings who dwell, physiologically and physically, at opposite poles. Women were meant to be effeminate. The very weaknesses of the female sex, her inferior strength, their delicacy, their reliance upon man, constitute their chiefest charm. He short-haired, bloomer-wearing, 'man-about-town' woman is an odious and ludicrous specimen of her sex. No right-thinking man admires them; all really nice women despise them. If rational, dress cranks, women who ride a-straddle a horse, and women who go elephant hunting in India could see themselves through men's eyes, they would blush. Let a woman be proud of her sex, but by all that is feminine let her not attempt to disguise it. American women are largely responsible for the invention of unsexing crazes; here is no need for their English sisters to follow their example.

Manly Women Cease to Charm.

"There is a very important reason why the manly woman, from her own point of view, should cease her vagaries; which is that she is no longer popular. Nobody cares to talk to a girl who rides hundreds of miles at a time upon her bicycle. Even the hard hunting woman across country has had her day. The lady golfer only succeeds in exciting the merriment of the caddies on the links. The lady who scorches on her motor-car is not only a serious danger to herself and friends, but also to the community in general. The shrieking interloper, in matters political or reformatory, has ever accomplished much. It is completely disregarded to-day.

In woman men want the affectionate, the faintly dressed, and the ornamental. Because a woman manages her home well, does her hair properly, and makes herself as pretty as she can, it doesn't follow that she is a brainless doll. The wise woman knows this, and is perfectly well aware that by sweetness and light shall she most do honour to her sex."

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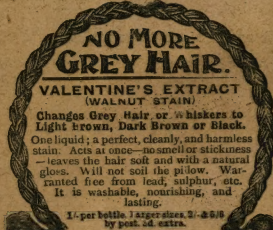
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AT A MAN'S MERCY.

By META SIMMIS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

N.B.—OUR NEW SERIAL STORY, BEGINNING

ON THURSDAY WEEK, DEALS IN A REALISTIC

ANNER WITH THE STRUGGLES OF A YOUNG

WOMAN LURED TO LONDON BY THE GLAMOUR

OF THE STAGE. REMEMBER THE DATE—

THURSDAY, APRIL 14.

CHAPTER XLIV. A Fight in the Dark.

Left to catch the boat-train for London," recalled Pauline mechanically. She stared at Gilbert's smooth face in petrified amazement. Perhaps it was a reflection of her look in the man's eyes which brought her to a sense of her own. She drew herself together and uttered a little laugh, so bravely, so spontaneously, that naturalness of it, and the pain of its birth, had gone far in the mitigation of many of her sins. "Of course," she cried, "how extremely ridiculous of me. I completely forgot Mr. Woodruffe had been summoned to London. What must he have thought—and how peculiarly irritating. I must just have missed him in the train."

Indeed, my lady," the butler's manner expressed the most suave sympathy at such an unexpected contretemps. He waited respectfully, offering no further information, for his mistress's eyes had a challenge in their sombre depths, which dared him to think that anything but the truth underlay her explanation. On her second's hesitation Pauline moved up, calling over her shoulder that she would dinner served in an hour: in the terrace room, she careful to insist. She could not have another meal in the great gloomy dining-room, the scene of many a penitential meal in her husband's company since they had been called to play the game of connubial happiness before the world. A servant moved away and Pauline dragged her upstairs. The evanescent happiness had been to her place had come a pall of apprehension. And John Woodruffe taken this sudden step, a word of warning to her? Surely, she asked as she walked slowly down the polished stairs which led to her bedroom, surely he was going to abandon even the face of the faithful serving husband?

Her bedroom was in twilight and empty. Evidently Manette had not anticipated her return, for she saw no dress laid out, no ordinary preparation for the evening. With a sense of thankfulness for to face no keen eyes, Pauline turned the handle of the door behind her, and switched on the light, flinging down her wrap and hat with a disregard of their fragile loveliness.

A little writing-table which jutted out by the lounge at the foot of the enormous and bed lay a pile of letters. She turned them over, and underneath lay a packet addressed to her hand. With the curious premonition which comes to one once or twice in life, she knew that this square, white packet, in which looked like jeweller's paper, had been put bearing on her life.

She opened the packet and turned the thing over her lap. She was almost afraid to open it with a laugh, half of terror, half of contempt, she broke the seal and emptied the contents into the lounge beside her.

That was the first thing that struck

her; old letters. She took them up with trembling fingers, glanced at the face of them, then laid them down with a little cry, the cry of an affectionate and nervous animal in pain. They were her own letters, surely the tenderest letters ever penned by woman. The letters she had written during her engagement to John Woodruffe. A little box, that was the next thing she took up; like a woman in a dream she opened it, guessing, with the prescience which belongs to dreams, what it contained. Then she took up the single white sheet which lay beneath them all, a sheet scrawled with a few lines of John Woodruffe's unsightly, characteristic hand.

"What did it mean?" She slipped the ring on her finger; its massiveness mocked the slender whiteness of it. Then she took up the single white sheet which lay beneath them all, a sheet scrawled with a few lines of John Woodruffe's unsightly, characteristic hand. "Since the world began," she read, "hope has been the last thing to leave a man. Now that has gone from me. I hoped for you—that sorry discipline, might reform you. I find that you are worse, infinitely worse than I ever imagined in my most infernal nightmares. I saw you with your latest love to-day—I am amply content to leave you to his consolations. I remove my embarrassed presence, and take my son from your contaminating influence.—John Woodruffe."

Pauline's fingers tightened on the paper with a convulsive grip. She uttered no cry, made no movement, but sat there, rigid and silent, like a woman smitten by a sudden paralysis.

For a long, desolating time, she was conscious of no sensation save two—that he had left her and that he had written insults which scorched and burned her heart like a corrosive fluid. Then slowly, with the imperceptible coming of dawn, the reason of these insults began to filter through her. He had seen her that morning with Fabian Griswold.

With a vividness of recollection which was agonising she saw, as from a distance, the scene in which she had taken part; it also seemed to her that she could hear her own words, her own foolish, broken sentences, as Fabian Griswold sat on the edge of her chair trying to pull her together, trying by his rough sophistry to blind her conscience to the meanness of her action, and, above all, to its terrible and tragic consequences. Saw this and the obvious construction a witness must have placed on it.

She laid down Woodruffe's letter beside her, tenderly, carefully, as she might have laid some fragile, delicate thing, and clasped her cold hands together in a very tempest of passion and entreaty. To what power she appealed, what unaccustomed phrases she used, she did not know, perhaps of this, she was hardly herself conscious. She only knew that with every fibre of her being, with every particle of concentration that was in her, she cursed Fabian Griswold for his part in this day's doings. She had been within sight of land, of a fair, verdant, fruitful land, after days of weary toiling on a sea of doubt. Now, in a moment's tempest, she had been swept out again into the raging sea without any hope of rescue.

Not for the sins of the past; not for her treachery to Cynthia; not for the wrong she had attempted to do to Arthur Stang, which had, for ought she knew, led to his death by his own hand; not for deceit, perjury—the long, hideous chain of her sin—had the man cast her off; but because of the one thing which she had not been guilty of—unfaithfulness.

As the bitter irony of her punishment came home to her with an exceeding bitter cry she flung out her hands and fell, weeping, face downwards, on the letters she had written in the heyday of her happiness, to the husband who had now abandoned her.

Gradually the passion of her tears wore itself out. She stretched herself on the lounge, in the very abandonment of her fatigue. The greater ease of her position gave her physical relief, gave her the

medium, of which the following is an extract:—"I made a way for every country to have a living, but it has been abused. I am not satisfied with the outlook. Now, the time is ripe for England to stand on her dignity, and it will not only protect her, but be helpful to the nations generally. England has been too lax in allowing free trade instead of fair trade, and I want now the agitation not to drop till England becomes England once again, and Englishmen have their rights—both through their own stupidity they have made the dangers. I am very pleased to find these agitations are becoming too strong for the people to sit down with their hands folded."

After the medium had delivered the message the sifter then asked if the spirit of Cobden would honour him by sitting for his photo, and the spirit very good naturedly consented and fixed an appointment for the following afternoon, the alleged result of which we publish on page 9.

Fine Old Spirits.

Other great statesmen, long since departed, have appeared at sittings, according to the spiritualists, including Canning, Lincoln, Washington, Garfield, and Pitt.

It is also stated that Dickens has been photographed on several occasions since he passed over. During a séance a request was once made to have a photograph of the spirit of the immortal Charles as he was when he wrote "Bleak House," and Dickens replied that he would come on the following Thursday afternoon as he appeared in a certain illustrated journal in 1870.

It is only a short time ago, the spiritualists say, since a sifter had a conversation with William Penn, and during the sitting Penn said, "What will be the next step on God's own ladder? I hear they can now make pictures in a box" (meaning a camera). The sifter replied that that was so, and asked if he might make a picture of Penn. The spirit consented and expressed a wish that a copy be sent to Pennsylvania, "as it might do some good."

power, and endeavour to think out her position. At first her thoughts revolved in a circle; ever coming back to the injustice of fate which condemned her, punished her in her own virtue. But as she became calmer she began to realise that upon her demeanour in the face of this assertion depended her future social position. She must make no scandal; she must act so that the world would know nothing of what had transpired.

She sat up, and pushed the disordered masses of her hair from her brow. "What time was it, how long had she remained there? She remembered that she had not had dinner in an hour's time; if she failed to appear, it would be the first pointing of the social barometer to the word "storm." She slipped off the couch and hurried across the room to the little clock which stood on a bracket between the door and the stairs.

Her agony had lasted only half an hour. It was inconceivable that a human soul could have descended into such depths of pain and despair in such a time; she stared at the gilt face almost stupidly, then with a flood of relief realised that herein lay her salvation. With quick, nervous fingers, she began to tear off her dress, and prepare for the night's drama.

Manette was astonished by the fierce ringing of her lady's bell. She glanced at the clock, and then at herself, and deep into which class of yellow Chartrouse, proffered by the amiable Mr. Gilbertson, had betrayed her. Custom made her fly along the polished corridor on agile feet. "But at the door she tossed her dark head, as she hastily smoothed the ruffled hair, under the apology of a cap that she slipped on.

"Hysterics," she said to herself, "Ciel. But I have a night before me. Undoubtedly, my dear, as M. Gilbertson says, it is time for a change. The atmosphere of such houses is not healthy."

Yet her entrance into the chamber of her mistress was discreetly itself, and she was immensely thankful to the star which shines over the dainty heads of the vestals of the toilet that it was so, for the sight which met her eyes was of no woman in hysterics.

She faced her with the righteous anger of an indignant distress, suddenly and undeservedly badly served.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked severely. "I return from Paris so fatigued that I can hardly keep my eyes open, and find nothing prepared. I fall asleep from sheer exhaustion, and, worse, by the merest chance, to find myself with five minutes to dress, and—"

Manette's face was a study in profound and shamefaced regret. She flung out her hands with an elaborate gesture.

"My dear," she began, "I did not expect—"

"But Pauline, cut her short. "I never listen to explanations," she said coldly. "I am not exigent—all I want is the fulfilment of obvious duties."

She seated herself at the glass, and it is to be recorded, that though her hands trembled with nervousness, Manette had never turned a more exquisite coquette from beneath her hands than she did that night.

Pauline dined alone in the terrace room, dined slowly, luxuriously, capriciously. As she retired to the terrace at last for coffee and a cigarette Gilbertson sent a glance after her. A puzzled, wholly respectful glance. The thought which crossed his mind, though he tried to repress it, was that Pauline was so silent—that it would be the height of folly to give notice to such an extremely discriminating and beautiful mistress as Mrs. John Woodruffe.

But when at last, after hours which had seemed centuries, the servants, even the too expansive Manette, retired to rest, Pauline Woodruffe crept silently along through the darkened house to the empty nursery, and fought her battle there, alone, in the darkness.

Her hands felt furiously along the little cot till they came to the soft brown head—she felt by the pressure of that small brown head—the head of the child who was her son—and John Woodruffe's. She caught the thing to her breast and crushed it there. Never till that night had she realised to the full what motherhood meant, and in the convulsive tears which came to her aid at last, the small, blinding mode of selfishness, which all her life had obscured the inner vision of her soul, was washed from her eyes for ever.

But no further conception of herself as she was was vouchsafed to her; only she knew herself a sinner, and yet inwardly condoned everything for love's sake.

Dawn, coming in with cold, inquisitive glances, found her sleeping, her head on one outstretched arm, the other still hugging to her breast the small, earthly love.

She awoke with a start, shivered, then realised in one wave of miserable recollection her position,

and, struggling to her feet, looked round the empty room. To the eye of a mother there were all the evidences of a hasty flight, and for the first time she asked herself the question, what pressure her husband had brought to bear upon Matty Chaffield, the child, to induce her to go so suddenly, and without her.

The question cut through her heart with the pain of a physical wound. Was it possible, could he have done so dastardly a thing as to blacken her character to the old woman who had known her since childhood? She could remember it, and she comforted from this inability had a twofold result. She remembered that in Matty Chaffield, could she but gain her ear, she had a friend; and, remembering this, she remembered that time was flying, and that in a few hours she must leave Autueil and follow her husband.

So much courage the darkness had brought her. She had determined to face John Woodruffe, and, wring from him retraction of the insult he had put upon her.

Cynthia and Sir George Graham were amazed, the latter a little annoyed, when Pauline later in the morning called in at the chalet and announced her intention of leaving for London that evening.

"Deuced unfriendly of John, I call it," Sir George grumbled, "to have gone off like that. When I saw him in the morning he never mentioned a word about leaving Autueil. He glared with morose suspicion at his eldest daughter. "Deuced odd, too, his going off with the child like that. A reversing of positions, surely. Mamma left gadding while papa has to take care of the baby!"

Pauline smiled. "John is ridiculous about the child," she said sweetly. "I was surprised myself when he insisted upon taking him; but I had business which detained me in Paris until this evening, and John had business which called him imperatively to London yesterday." She shrugged her shoulders. "What could be dearer to John than his child? He has been the child, so he took old Matty and the boy with him. Matty, as you both know, has much more practical power in our household than I have."

A certain sense of decency, new born of late in Sir George Graham, kept his tongue silent. He expected anything beneath this explanation, but he did not mention it. He loaded Pauline with commissions to execute in London, then suddenly volunteered to accompany her.

Pauline was decided in her refusal. "John would be furious," she told him. "You know that, as well as I do. Besides, I fully expect that we shall return in a day or two. John is in the throes of a new picture, and is not likely to be long content away from it."

Cynthia added her weight to Pauline's, and Sir George acquiesced, but he insisted upon accompanying Mrs. Woodruffe to Paris, and watched the train start out.

Pauline remembered his unusual kindness with a warm feeling of gratitude as she settled herself in the corner of the carriage.

Her father returned immediately to Autueil, but not to the chalet; he went to Villa Cloriette to glean what information he could from the servants.

Gilbertson, with the talent of long experience, gained in many strange corners in which he had from time to time found himself, evaded Sir George's somewhat clumsy diplomacy with consummate ease. The only knowledge which the old man gained from his Pauline's visit was information which sent him hurrying home to Cynthia in the greatest concern.

While he was sitting in the hall, resting after his journey, and speaking affably to the respectful Gilbertson, a telegram addressed to Pauline, which he, by right of relationship, proceeded to open.

"Our child seriously ill. Please come at once.—Woodruffe."

Meanwhile, Pauline, oblivious of this involuntary ally, in which desperation had wrung from Woodruffe, had just stepped aboard the Channel boat at Calais.

The night was somewhat tempestuous, yet she could not go below. She felt that she would gladly meet the buffets of any storm, small, driving rain; they would distract her thoughts.

She had just been settled in a sheltered corner when the sound of a familiar voice smote on her ear. She craned her neck and looking cautiously round she saw next her Dr. Bernard Westall. For a moment she thought he had come alone, but in the next she saw that he had a companion, a tall, slightly-made woman.

Surely, she told herself, fate had some reason for throwing them thus together.

To be continued to-morrow.

SETTING WITH GHOSTS.

Mr. Stang's Phantom "Fiscalises," and is Photographed.

Photos of these "ghosts" appear on pages 8 and 9 of "The Mirror."

Have been on view at the Spiritualist Road, Chiswick, quite three hundred of the skillfully faked spirit photographs ever

presented altogether so weird a scene, this exhibition of materialised ghost pictures, as might be seen from many of the photographs so neatly arranged round the walls, were graced with beautiful feminine forms, all draped in artistically arranged robes.

There was only one spirit photographer in this town known to the Spiritualist Friends, and that was a man who has retired from active business.

It is interesting to listen to the Spiritualists' accounts of tête-à-têtes with Carlyle, Dickens, Darwin, and afterwards spent in conversation with such beautiful women as Mary Queen of Scots.

Flashed a phantom.

It is not for a moment he thought that the spirit world in regard to present-day affairs. They are ignorant of everything that goes on from day to day. It was only the other day that long dead, received from the spirit world on the fiscal side. A well-known spiritualist at a séance and called for some of his departed friends, but they did not turn up; instead, a spirit came, whilst the medium, in a trance, gave the name of a Cobden, and delivered a long message through the

MARRIAGE AN EVIL.

Should Criminals and Lunatics Be Forbidden to Wed?

Is it not time that we had a law forbidding certain persons to marry? To many this may sound a startling suggestion, but it is a question that is being seriously discussed by authorities who have studied degeneration.

At present there is not a sufficient check upon the multiplication of the unfit. The confirmed criminal, the lunatic, the epileptic, the drunkard, and the feeble-minded marry and transmit a predisposition towards their diseases of mind and body to their offspring, leaving behind them a terrible legacy for generations to come. As a consequence our degenerate population is rapidly multiplying and our prisons and lunatic asylums are full to overflowing. In a recent article upon the subject, Sir James Crichton-Browne points out that the number of notified lunatics in this country has risen from 36,762 in 1859 to 113,964 in 1903, and from a ratio of 1 in 589 of the population to 1 in 294. Cancer killed 13,542 persons in 1881 and 26,721 in 1900, 520 to the million in the former year, 828 in the latter. Alcoholism caused 1,213 deaths in 1881, 5,638 in 1900, giving the latter year the highest rate on record.

A Terrible Example.

That the marriages of the physically and mentally diseased persons have much to do with this terrible increase can hardly be doubted. A case was recently quoted in which a man who was the father of two children was for some time confined in one of our pauper lunatic asylums. After a time, he being apparently cured, and there being many urgent cases

waiting for admittance to the asylum, he was discharged. In a little more than a year he was back again, but in the meantime his family had increased. He was again discharged, and again relapsed, and was readmitted, but in the interval another child had been born.

In less civilised times degenerates were more speedily eliminated. The more primitive man, catching another stealing his goods, dispatched him with axe or arrow; or, assaulted or offended by a drunkard, disposed of him with knife or sword. The weak and diseased, unable to hunt or fight for themselves, often starved, or were at best allowed to drag out their existence so scorned by women that their chances of mating were reduced to a minimum.

State Too Benevolent.

But now all that is changed. In all civilised countries a benevolent State imprisons the criminal for a short space, and then sets him free to prey upon his fellow-creatures and propagate his kind. It is unnumbered times that the State is daily making place which medical science and common prudence alike condemn. It seems that it will soon become necessary for a law to be passed forbidding persons to marry unless they can produce a medical certificate to the effect that their union will not be prejudicial to their own happiness or the well-being of the State.

Without resorting to the drastic measure which is now in force in the State of Minnesota, prohibiting under a penalty of three years' imprisonment the marriage of any woman under forty-five years of age or man over any age except he marry a woman over forty-five who is suffering from epilepsy, insanity, or feeble-mindedness, might we not, asks Sir James Crichton-Browne, by means of a medical licensing board put under a ban the union of persons in a diseased state or dangerously infected with the same? Kindred morbid tendencies, and thus check in some degree the spread of degeneration?

SOME HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

Inside History of Great Businesses

Whose Names are Familiar

To All.

Many names are household words throughout the whole of England. There is no man who has not heard of Irving and Ellen Terry, Roberts and Kitchener, Grace and Fry, Padewski and Kubelik, Hall Caine and Marie Corelli. Almost every moment of their lives has been chronicled, but the great commercial firms, which help to build up this great country are practically unnoted, and though their names are well known, the details of their workings are secrets to the world at large. In a series of articles the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will tell the inner lives of the great firms who supply England with the articles which help to make up our daily existence. These articles will tell how our necessities and our luxuries are produced, of the men who make them, and of the men to whose enterprise and intellect we owe them.

NO. 1.—THE KING'S PRINTERS.

Who are the King's Printers? Of course, everyone knows that Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode hold that position, but very few people know what the title means.

The first King's printer was the world-famous Caxton, who introduced the printing press into England. He was followed by Wynken de Worde in the reign of Henry VII. As the honour has only been conferred on thirty-four persons, it will be noticed that it is an exclusive one.

The patent was granted to the present firm in 1726 by George III., the firm being then known as the direction of one George Baskett. He was succeeded by Charles Eyre, who, not being a practical printer, obtained the co-operation of a Mr. Wil-



By the KING.

A PROCLAMATION.

EDWARD R. & S.

WHEREAS by "The Statute in force Act 1880," section 10, it is enacted that it shall be lawful for His Majesty by Proclamation to prohibit the exportation of all or any of the following articles, namely—Arms, munitions, military and naval stores, and any article which His Majesty shall judge, capable of being converted into, or made useful in, the carrying on of war, or the carrying on of any military or naval operations in any country or place therein named, whenever His Majesty shall judge such prohibition to be expedient in order to prevent such arms, munitions, military or naval stores being sent against His Majesty's subjects or to any other person engaged in any military or naval operations in cooperation with His Majesty's forces;

Whereas a Proclamation was issued dated August fourth, 1890, the said section 10, and after the date aforesaid;

And whereas We, by and with the advice of our Privy Council, judge it to be expedient to prohibit the exportation of Arms and munitions;

Now We, by and with the advice aforesaid, hereby repeal the said Proclamation prohibiting the exportation of Arms and munitions from and after the date aforesaid;

Given at Our Court at Buckingham Palace, this Tenth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and three, and in the Third year of Our Reign.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

A ROYAL PROCLAMATION of last year, which shows how the present type imitates the old.

Ham Strachan. It was in Strachan's time that the firm had one of its most interesting clients—Dr. Johnson, of Dictionary fame. The room in which Strachan received the quick-tempered Doctor, his faithful, old, sub-bred biographer, Boswell, and his illustrious friends, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Oliver Goldsmith, is still used as the partners' office, while the Doctor's receipts for a "bit on account" of his payments for the famous dictionary are among the firm's treasures.

Nowadays, if you want to call on the firm, you will find nothing easier. You merely walk up Fetter-lane from Fleet-street and turn to the right. It doesn't much matter where you turn, you will immediately find yourself in a mass of little streets from which numbers have disappeared in favour of large enamel signs which state that the street is occupied by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, printers. Middle New-street, Great New-street, Little New-street, Printer's-street, East Harding-street, are all alike—merely part of the colony.

Once inside the right department, however, you find that the outside hardly gives an idea of what

in order to cope with this successfully, the firm formed a kind of colonial outgrowth and disposed of its book and job departments to another firm of somewhat similar name.

Government officials, however, are sometimes bitten with a mania for change, and it was next decided to divide the Government business among a number of contractors. Then came a struggle in the cutting of prices, but though several of the competing firms went to the wall Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode emerged triumphant, and started growing once more.

1,600 Tons of Type.

To be a contractor for Government printing has many drawbacks, for by the terms of a Government printer's contract he must not disarrange the type of any Government publication for twelve months, in case additional copies or reprints are wanted at

reflects on the number of dialects and languages which exist in such places as the West Coast of Africa and our Indian Empire, incredulity gives place to wonderment.

The preparation of a Bible in some outlandish tongue is a far from easy matter, as may be judged from the two examples of Irish and Welsh printing which we publish on this page.

Weird types, the letters of which are more reminiscent of agonised snakes than anything else, constitute the material from which many of the foreign Bibles are printed.

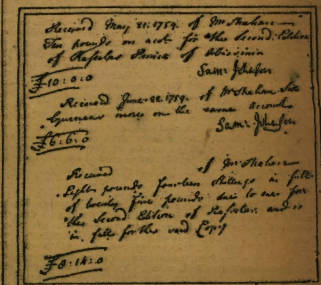
Of the nearly 3,000 persons employed by the King's printers several hundreds are at work printing and binding Bibles alone. Each copy goes through the hands of twenty-eight workpeople before it is issued to the world. The work starts with the compositor, and after it has passed the electrotypist, pressman, machine-minder, binder, war-houseman, folder, roller, first-proof reader, sewer, second-proof reader, paperer, presser, cutter, examiner of cutting, glider, cutter-out of cover, embosser, forwarder, letterer, varnisher, general ex-

of Bibles may be obtained from the fact that it is possible to turn out 500 copies per hour, or 5,000 ready for delivery in the course of a working day.

In one year's output of Bibles alone, the firm consumed between 9,000 and 6,000 miles of paper, or about 10,000,000 yards. This is, it is remembered, merely the length, not the area. The famous Stock Exchange walk to Brighton would have to be repeated a hundred times before the competitors had walked along a track composed of the paper necessary for one year's output of Bibles.

Ingenuous Advertising.

A firm which devotes so much of its energies to the printing of Government Blue-books and Bibles does not sound as though it need be up-to-date in its printing outfit. That is a great mistake in the case of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, however,



RECEIVED BY DR. JOHNSON FOR "RASSELAS"

FOOD FOR THE DOCTOR.

Here is a facsimile of the receipts which Dr. Johnson gave to his printers for payments on account of the second edition of "Rasselas."

for the firm is, on the contrary, particularly forward in every respect, and were responsible for one of the most novel ideas ever utilised in connection with modern advertising by means of posters.

London and the great provincial cities were startled one fine morning to see on the hoardings in the streets a number of large and curiously weird-looking black patches. Curiosity was rife at once—in some cases a passer-by, with spare time on his hands, spent an hour or two in waiting to see what was going to happen. Others passed by spreading the story that some huge posting blunder had been committed. Others even declared that a public censor of some kind was responsible for the obliteration of objectionable matter. However, as the days passed by the world was astonished to find that the black patch slowly but surely disappeared and revealed a remarkably clever advertisement of Nestlé's Swiss Milk embodied in a drawing of many colours, of Dick Whittington and his cat. Upon this achievement Mr. Henri Nestlé spent thousands of pounds.

What with Blue-books, and Government printing generally, Bibles, in four hundred odd languages, advertising, work, and printing of every conceivable kind, it would seem that the King's printers had plenty of work to keep their streets of buildings busy.

Many other things, however, come within the sphere of the firm's energies. Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode even find that they are able to write, print, and publish a paper of their own—"The Sphere."

CHAPLAIN'S QUAINT DUTIES.

The Rev. W. H. Sheak has been appointed chaplain to Barnum and Bailey's circus. His duty is not only to care for the spiritual welfare of the 1,100 men, women, and children connected with the show, but also to lecture on the animals in the menagerie.

ENGLISH PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

One hundred pilgrims left Charing-cross for Rome yesterday morning to attend the thirteenth centenary of St. Gregory the Great.

At a Papal Mass to be held in St. Peter's on Monday special music will be introduced by the

COURT AT ST. JAMES'S,
The Twenty-fifth Day of April 1729.

THE KING'S most Excellent Majesty in Council.

WHEREAS His Majesty was graciously pleased, by His Royal Proclamation, bearing date the Twenty-fifth Day of December One thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight, to provide and declare, That the Sum of FIVE POUNDS for every Able Seaman, and TWO POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS for every Ordinary Seaman, be for His Majesty's Service, should be paid to the Men and Boys of His Majesty's Ships, who should be present at the Twenty-fifth Day of April, in the said Year, or on the Twenty-fifth Day of May, or on the Twenty-fifth Day of June, or on the Twenty-fifth Day of July, or on the Twenty-fifth Day of August, or on the Twenty-fifth Day of September, or on the Twenty-fifth Day of October, or on the Twenty-fifth Day of November, or on the Twenty-fifth Day of December, or on the Twenty-fifth Day of January, or on the Twenty-fifth Day of February, or on the Twenty-fifth Day of March, or on the Twenty-fifth Day of April, or on the Twenty-fifth Day of May, or on the Twenty-fifth Day of June, or on the 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THE CITY

Return from Holidays in Good Spirits.

Returned from the holidays yesterday in a state of mind, and proceeded to put prices in the hope of the public business, though relative favour of the market men put prices nearly all round, and there was real joy in the air. A copulating array of facts to cheer the eye.

Of all, in the Consol market was the knowledge yesterday was the day for the release of the funds. An enormous amount of divinity is put out on one security or another in the first few days of April, and much of it is expected to come back to the market again. Then it was the carry-over in connection with the monthly settlement in Consols. Speculation found that they were never asked to pay in 3 per cent to continue their commitments, and, indeed, those who held back paid only 2 1/2 per cent. The trick loan was to 1 1/2 per cent, a very light rate indeed, and the result of the speculative account open. Consols trembled, and this was a favourable influence on all the other securities. The trick loan was to 1 1/2 per cent, a very light rate indeed, and the result of the speculative account open. Consols trembled, and this was a favourable influence on all the other securities. The trick loan was to 1 1/2 per cent, a very light rate indeed, and the result of the speculative account open. Consols trembled, and this was a favourable influence on all the other securities.

Rails.

The Home Railway section the satisfactory Easter meant big trades, said the market. On the basis of this expectation, they proceeded to put prices in the hope of the public business, though relative favour of the market men put prices nearly all round, and there was real joy in the air. A copulating array of facts to cheer the eye.

Of all, in the Consol market was the knowledge yesterday was the day for the release of the funds. An enormous amount of divinity is put out on one security or another in the first few days of April, and much of it is expected to come back to the market again. Then it was the carry-over in connection with the monthly settlement in Consols. Speculation found that they were never asked to pay in 3 per cent to continue their commitments, and, indeed, those who held back paid only 2 1/2 per cent. The trick loan was to 1 1/2 per cent, a very light rate indeed, and the result of the speculative account open. Consols trembled, and this was a favourable influence on all the other securities. The trick loan was to 1 1/2 per cent, a very light rate indeed, and the result of the speculative account open. Consols trembled, and this was a favourable influence on all the other securities.

Agencies Confident.

Confidence of the foreign houses still seems to be maintained, and the effect on foreign securities is shown, though there is no close at the Japanese bonds gave a little sympathetic movement, as a result of the circumstances. The stock exchange battle between these two securities must be as drawn. The Japanese bonds gave a little sympathetic movement, as a result of the circumstances. The stock exchange battle between these two securities must be as drawn. The Japanese bonds gave a little sympathetic movement, as a result of the circumstances. The stock exchange battle between these two securities must be as drawn.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

Table with 2 columns: Security Name and Price. Includes entries for India, Local Loans, and various stocks.

Table with 2 columns: Security Name and Price. Includes entries for Home RAILS, COLONIAL AND FOREIGN RAILS, and MISCELLANEOUS.

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HOLIDAY FOOTBALL.

The Arsenal's Most Dangerous Opponents Creep Up Another Step on the League Ladder.

The holiday matches were continued yesterday in most football centres. Manchester United, who are making such a great effort to overtake Woolwich Arsenal in the race for promotion to the First Division of the Football League, accomplished another smart performance yesterday when they beat Barnsley in the Yorkshiremen's stronghold.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

Table with 2 columns: Match Details and Result. Includes results for various football matches.

ASSOCIATION.

Table with 2 columns: Match Details and Result. Includes results for various association football matches.



BEAUTIFUL AXMINSTER WOOL CARPETS BORDERED.

The Choicest Colouring and Latest Designs

Table with 3 columns: Size, Average Size, and Reduced Sale Price. Lists various carpet sizes and prices.

10,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

Table with 3 columns: Sale Price, Postage, and Free. Lists various rug prices and shipping costs.

TESTIMONIALS.

The Hon. Charles Kings, Cheltenham, March 28, 1904. Lady NORMAN writes: "I am pleased with the 38 rug sent, and enclose postal order for the 'Barnsley' sent at 9/11."

THE SILVER QUEEN CYCLE CO. LTD.

(Incorporated in England) 15, CHATELAIN ROAD, LONDON.

RUPTURE BOOK FREE.

Home Method That Has Succeeded in the Severest Cases.

A prominent specialist in the cure of Rupture has written a book on the subject, and tells how hundreds of sufferers have cured themselves at home at a slight expense. The book has been published for free distribution and should be obtained at once. It is written by Mr. W. Harding.

Division of the Rupture Book. The book is written by Mr. W. Harding, a prominent specialist in the cure of Rupture. It tells how hundreds of sufferers have cured themselves at home at a slight expense. The book has been published for free distribution and should be obtained at once.

OTHER MATCHES.

Wattford, 2; Millwall, 2. Northampton, 2; Wellingborough (h), 1. Newcastle United, 5; Belfast Distillery (h), 4.

RUGBY.

Devonport Albion (h), 19 pts.; Barbarians, 6. Swansea (h), 22 pts.; London Welsh, 0. Bristol (h), 0; Leicester, 0.

NORTHERN UNION.

NORTHERN UNION CUP.—Rugby Tia, Bradford (h), 0; Broughton Rangers, 0.

TO-DAY'S FIXTURES.

ASSOCIATION.

THE LEAGUE.—Division II. Gainsborough, 2; Grimsby Town, 2.

RUGBY.

Plymouth v. Plymouth v. Barbarians.



Re British Carpet Weaving Co., LATE OF OLD-STREET, LONDON.

F. HODGSON & SONS, of LEEDS, have purchased for Cash the whole of the Business, Goodwill, and Effects from the Official Trustees in Bankruptcy. Reduced Sale Prices of Brussels, Axminster, Tapestry, Velvet, and Foreign Carpets and Hearthrugs can be had post free, if when writing you mention the "Daily Illustrated Mirror," of 1904.

ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.

Seamless Woven, REVERSIBLE CARPETS

WITH THIS WEEK'S

'HOME FASHIONS'

IS GIVEN AWAY A

PAPER PATTERN—with diagram and full instructions how to make some of these

CYCLING KNICKERS.

ON SALE TO-DAY. Of all Newsagents

Price 1d. Everywhere.

PICTURE POSTCARDS.

12 Lovely Picture Postcards equal to the best, usually sold at one penny each, post free for 2 1/2d. the dozen. Address, Editor (Picture Postcard Dept.), "IDLE MOMENTS," 12 and 13, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

"IDLE MOMENTS" is on Sale at all Newsagents, &c., Every Monday. Price 1d.

Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carnarville Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 7 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/- (1d. each word afterwards). Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by Postal Orders crossed BARCLAY & CO. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Illustrated Mirror" advertisers can have their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Offices: a box department having been opened for that purpose. If rates are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

General Servant.

GENERAL: disengaged; 19; excellent ref.; cook, wash; £12-112. Paragon-street, Waltham.

Miscellaneous.

DAILY Worker: good references—M. G., 15, Randolph-street, Greenwich, London.

LADY desires cake cyclist's rest, small shop, or any position of trust; no salary required, but rooms rent free. Write 1355, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carnarville-street, E.C.

SEWING by day at ladies' own houses.—Chase, 257, Vauxhall Bridge-road, Belgravia.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Cooks.

COOK (plain) wanted: age 20-25; personal character; good wages.—Mrs. B., 7, Westbourne-square, London, W.

COOK-GENERAL: 2 ladies in family; washing up out; age 20; good wages; strictly moderate.—Address, 286, Old Ford-road, Victoria Park, E.

General Servants.

GENERAL: Servant, age 26; strong, willing; £16-8. Redman, 40, Crescent-street, Notting Hill, W.

GENERAL: wanted (about 25); good wages.—Write or call after 5 o'clock, Mrs. Andrew, 99, Brook-green, Hampstead.

Housekeeper.

HOUSEKEEPER (working) wanted: middle age; must have the highest personal references.—Apply before 1 p.m., Ye Olde Red Lion, Ho-born.

Companion.

COMPANION-Attendant (useful) wanted for old lady; firm and tactful; charge of own room and part of household; state age, salary; strictly moderate.—Address, London, 43, Brook-green, West Kensington.

Parlourmaids.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted, for Wimbledon, in a small family, one who has been trained as under-housemaid, or who understands housework thoroughly; preferred, little person, work, good wages.—Mrs. C., care of Mr. 5 and 62, St. John's-street, E.C.

PARLOURMAID and Cook: £24 to £30; family 3; flat.—Avon Lodge, West Kensington.

Miscellaneous.

A GOOD AGENCY.—Cash or credit; unlimited scope; Patients of John Myers and Co., Ltd. (Dept. DM), 22, 133-135, Westminster Bridge-road, London, E.C.4.

BOILER-MAKERS wanted.—Apply Fisher and Nephew, 7, Monkwell-street, E.C.

LADY Wishes, Cellists, etc., wanted at once to join orchestra for grand concert; salary nominal; subscription. If successful will be formed into professional band to give engagements.—512, Shelly's, Gracechurch-street, E.C.

YOUTH (smart) required as Messenger; salary 10s. per week.—Write 1355, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carnarville-street, E.C.

52 PER WEEK easily earned by advertisement writers; 52 prospects free.—Page-Javis Advertising School, Dept. 109, 115, Oxford-street, London, W.

MARKETING BY POST.

ALINSON Wholesale Bread, a necessity for children and all who would save time and money by ordering direct; and its attendant evils.—Send 1d. stamp for sample to "D. M." Natural Food Co., Ltd., Bethn. Green.

COALS, COALS, COALS: New Stone, 17s. per ton; New Kitchen, 16s. 6d.; New Bright House, 20s.; delivered free, cash on delivery; for truckloads, apply to country agents.—Read and Co., Cambridge Wharf, Park-street, N.W.

DAIRY Produce.—Fresh thick double cream, clotting cream, delicious fresh butter, new-laid eggs, poultry, fresh fish, autumn vegetables, etc., price list free. Price, Dairy Farm, Motcombe, Dorset.

FISH (fresh)—Finest assortment for private families or institutions, 6lb., 2s.; 9lb., 2s. 6d.; 11lb., 3s.; 14lb., 3s. 6d.; 21lb., 5s.; carriage paid; dressed for cooking; prompt delivery; cured fish and other delicacies; particulars free. Str. Fish, 25, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C.

LINEN like china—No trouble, no sticking, try Mrs. Lynton's celebrated Rutland Shag Glass; sample box, 1/-; 2/-; 3/-; 4/-; 5/-; 6/-; 7/-; 8/-; 9/-; 10/-; 11/-; 12/-; 13/-; 14/-; 15/-; 16/-; 17/-; 18/-; 19/-; 20/-; 21/-; 22/-; 23/-; 24/-; 25/-; 26/-; 27/-; 28/-; 29/-; 30/-; 31/-; 32/-; 33/-; 34/-; 35/-; 36/-; 37/-; 38/-; 39/-; 40/-; 41/-; 42/-; 43/-; 44/-; 45/-; 46/-; 47/-; 48/-; 49/-; 50/-; 51/-; 52/-; 53/-; 54/-; 55/-; 56/-; 57/-; 58/-; 59/-; 60/-; 61/-; 62/-; 63/-; 64/-; 65/-; 66/-; 67/-; 68/-; 69/-; 70/-; 71/-; 72/-; 73/-; 74/-; 75/-; 76/-; 77/-; 78/-; 79/-; 80/-; 81/-; 82/-; 83/-; 84/-; 85/-; 86/-; 87/-; 88/-; 89/-; 90/-; 91/-; 92/-; 93/-; 94/-; 95/-; 96/-; 97/-; 98/-; 99/-; 100/-; 101/-; 102/-; 103/-; 104/-; 105/-; 106/-; 107/-; 108/-; 109/-; 110/-; 111/-; 112/-; 113/-; 114/-; 115/-; 116/-; 117/-; 118/-; 119/-; 120/-; 121/-; 122/-; 123/-; 124/-; 125/-; 126/-; 127/-; 128/-; 129/-; 130/-; 131/-; 132/-; 133/-; 134/-; 135/-; 136/-; 137/-; 138/-; 139/-; 140/-; 141/-; 142/-; 143/-; 144/-; 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